FOREST AND STREAM.

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A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE Provincial Museum of British Columbia is a purely local institution and is devoted to the exhibition of the natural history and resources of the Province. It was established only about a dozen years ago, and had its first beginnings in the collections made by Mr. John Fannin, an old resident of the Province. Mr. Fannin was and is an accomplished field naturalist—a close observer and an enthusiastic lover of nature. His studies and his writings had made his name well known in the Province long before the project of establishing a museum had been considered. When the Government determined to found a Natural History Museum at the capital, the choice of a curator for the institution naturally fell upon Mr. Fannin, who has managed it with great success from the beginning.

For the first few years of its existence the exhibition rooms at Victoria were few and small, but as time went on, the growing collections demanded more and more space, until the whole building was occupied. Still the collections increased, and at length it became evident that to properly show them, and to provide for their growth in the future, a new building must be furnished. This is now in course of erection. It is a fireproof building of stone and will cost $80,000.

The Government of British Columbia having set on foot this good work, wished to have its museum thoroughly modern and up to the times. Within the last few years great changes have taken place in museum furnishings, and the methods of exhibiting specimens. Realizing this, the authorities this summer sent Mr. Fannin to England and the East, in order that he might inform himself on all essential points, so that the Provincial Museum of British Columbia should in no respect be behind the first museums of the world in its equipments.

Mr. Fannin visited London, and saw there the collections of the British and South Kensington Museums, and is now in New York studying the exhibits at the American Museum of Natural History. From here he will go to Washington to examine the National Museum there. The trip has been very successful up to the present time, and Mr. Fannin has accumulated a large fund of information which will be of great value in fitting up the new museum. When at length the new building shall have been completed and the collections moved in, the Provincial Museum of British Columbia may challenge comparison with the best modern museums of the world in respect to its equipment and its methods.

Every State and Territory of the United States ought to have in its capital or principal city such a local museum as British Columbia is now building—one which shall show the mammals, birds and fishes of the neighboring country, amid their natural surroundings, all so clearly and fully labeled that the whole story of a species, its distribution, life habits and history can be seen at a glance. The day has passed when a museum was a mere curiosity shop in which strange and unknown and unexplained objects were displayed to make visitors stare and wonder. The museum of to-day is, or ought to be, a great volume, whose illustrations are actual natural objects, each one explained by enough text—the label—to render the picture's meaning clear to the most ignorant.

The establishment of such local museums in all the chief cities of the country will vastly increase public interest in the study of nature; people will begin to learn how to observe, to see what is going on all about them; their interests in life will be broadened and a great deal will be added to their pleasures.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here is a letter which comes to us from an esteemed correspondent in Texas:

VICTORIA, Texas, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have in this section of the country a party who is a member of a firm or an agent of a firm in your city, who is buying game from the local hunters and shipping to New York. He averages about five barrels of plover a day, each barrel containing 300 birds.

Our game laws are in such an unsatisfactory condition that we have no way to prevent this action at present, though we are making strenuous efforts to pass a bill in our next Legislature to prevent the shipping of game.

I hear that he ships quail among his plover, although the open season does not begin until Oct. 1 of this year.

This we could prevent could we substantiate it. I am not familiar with the laws of your State, but would be glad to know from your office whether there is any way to stop the business at your end of the line.

If New York has a non-shipping law, I should think it would be an offense to ship them in as well as out.

In the event you believe that anything can be done from that end, I can in all probability get you name and address of the firm.

If you believe that publication of this will do any good, publish it.

W. M. PETTICOLAS.

It is a humiliation to be forced to acknowledge in response to this plea that there is no practicable way of doing anything whatever at this end of the line to interrupt the traffic in Texas plover and quail.

The New York law permits at all seasons sale of game killed beyond a certain distance from the State; the line of protection for New York is drawn at 300 miles; the injustice to other States may be limited only by the lines of the continent. The iniquity of this open market law extends 2,000 miles to Texas; it promotes the wholesale slaughter of Texas plover and immature quail for shipment to market here.

It is a reproach to every citizen of New York that his State encourages such butchery not only beyond the 300-mile limit, but within her own borders as well. That 300-mile provision is a farcical Schomburgk line, which is all well enough for theorizing about, but which has no meaning when we come actually to fixing boundaries. The protection sought to be secured by distance is not provided. For just here is illustrated anew what has been demonstrated over and over again, that a State may not set up successfully a scheme of protecting its own game while robbing other States of theirs. New York declares that game killed within its borders may be sold only in certain specified seasons, while game killed elsewhere may be marketed the year around. Beautiful theory this, to protect one's own while destroying others. But how does it work? The ink of Gov. Morton's pen of approval had hardly dried when under cover of this measure the market hunters set out to take the immature game in New York covers for New York markets. From that day to this, wherever there wa New York game to kill for market, the New York market shooters have been trafficking in it; and the industry will continue so long as the game shall be worth the candle Such a law always works in this way. Witness Massachusetts, witness every State where game selling is unrestricted.

As the situation is now, Texas must protect her own game and look out for her own interests and defend them from the blight of the metropolitan markets. He sportsmen have a right to demand the co-operation of their fellows elsewhere; they reasonably may ask that other States shall not act as receivers of illicit goods. But failing this, they must work out their own salvation. The only game protective system yet devised worth the paper it is printed on is that which limits the sale of game in local markets and forbids the exportation to other markets. This system is what is proving effectual in Michigan, Minnesota and other States where it is in force.

Such a system would prove equally efficacious in Texas; but we confess that there appears to be slight ground for confidence that Texas will very soon have a law of this character. For one thing, her own sportsmen are by no means agreed as to what they want, nor united to achieve it if they could agree. The market hunters there have things pretty much their own way; they are making money right along, and money talks.

Summer woodcock shooting is still extensively practiced, and the reason urged for it is that the game must be had then or not at all. This is the plea of New Jersey summer woodcock shooters. A correspondent wrote in our game columns the other day that, although he had long contended for a summer woodcock season, he was now converted to oppose it because of what he had seen of indiscriminate game killing by those who were out ostensibly for woodcock only. This rule prevails generally. If men are permitted to go afield with guns in the summer season they will kill whatever game rises before them. Some of them may have the very best of intentions, and shoot to kill if it's a bear and miss if it's a calf; but they do and will shoot, and the game will be killed, and will be just as dead if it's a grouse or a quail. The ideal game season is one which opens for all upland game on the same date. If under such conditions some shall be deprived of their sport, they should accept the deprivation with philosophy and be content to give and take, for the common advantage and the greatest good to the greatest number.

Some one has been giving to the *Youths' Companion* a weird tale of walrus hunting by members of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892. It is a fearsome story of walruses drawn up in ranks, "bearing their heads high, with white tusks gleaming fiercely, and great red disks of eyes gleaming balefully through the smother of foam churned up around their breasts," as they come from afar dashing at the boats. It is all madly exciting, and quite as well written as one of De Quincey's opium dreams. But will some one who knows the ways of walruses tell us whether they do charge in dress-parade array with baleful eyes and other accoutrements? The walrus inhabited seas of the Arctic are far away, and of distant lands and their unfamiliar denizens we are always prone to accept the wonderful tales of returning explorers, but the walrus story taxes credulity. Let us hear from some of the walrus experienced readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Will international yacht races be sailed on wheels? We have had in recent years many radical modifications of yacht forms; shall we now have something more radical still, and roll along over the course instead of ploughing the main? A French engineer, M. Basin, has designed an entirely novel craft. The main part of the structure consists of a strong deck or platform entirely above water, the buoyancy being supplied by a number of hollow wheels in the form of very short cylinders. The wheels are not fitted with blades like a paddle wheel; they are smooth and are designed only as supports and to roll over and through the water as a wagon wheel rolls upon the ground. Propulsion is afforded by a propeller. The inventor has constructed a model on a scale large enough to test the practicability of his theories. If the experiment shall prove a success, it may open up a new line of development in yacht racing that will entirely throw into the shade all recent efforts at evading waterline measurement. It must be evident that the waterline of such a craft, no matter how long she may be, cannot be as great as the added diameters of the wheels, or very much less than of the whole hull. No doubt the old fogy element and the stupid and illiberal measurers may attempt to block the wheels of progress by measuring the length on the waterline of all the wheels, on both sides; but no such unfair and illiberal measure can permanently succeed.

Given such a craft as this, what a vista of renewed youth to yacht racing opens before us, the pleasures of the yacht and the wheel combined in one marvelous creation of human ingenuity. The time may come when international yacht racing will be a contest between two such great multi-aqua-cycles, moving at speeds thus far unheard of.

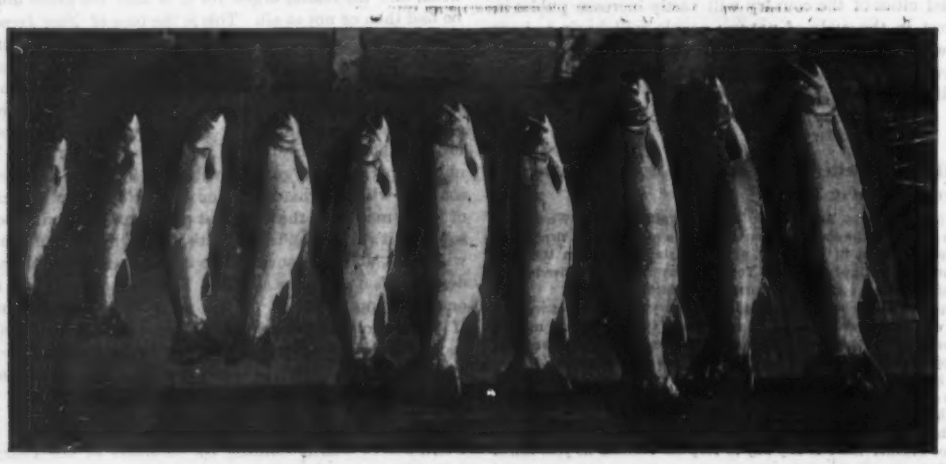
The Sportsman Tourist.

MUNISING BAY.

On the south coast of Lake Superior, about forty miles east of Marquette and just west of the famous "Pictured Rocks," the shore curves in sharply, making a deep and broad harbor, across the mouth of which lies Grand Island. The bay is almost completely landlocked, gives shelter from all winds, and is well known as a refuge for vessels from Lake Superior's gales. In size, outline of shores and character of vegetation on them, it singularly resembles an Adirondack lake, and is as beautiful as any of them, peerless Placid perhaps excepted.

Back in the fifties the charcoal iron industry flourished here, and quite a town sprang up on the east side; but the industry ceased to be profitable, the furnaces were abandoned, the houses deserted one by one, and for over thirty years no one has lived there but a few fishermen and the keeper of the Government light. Within the last year, however, parties owning large tracts of timber lands have determined to develop their resources; a railroad has been organized and is under construction; large tanneries, stave and hoop mills, and other manufactories are being erected; docks, switches, a bank, stores and dwellings are rapidly taking shape; a daily paper has been established, a city organized, and the vigorous tide of life has invaded this once peaceful region. I suppose all this is in the line of progress, and it certainly is for the good of the land owners; but it is now only a question of time when much of the peculiar charm must vanish, never to return.

The Anna River Club, an organization largely composed of Marquette gentlemen, has been established for several years at the south end of the bay, just where the little Anna River joins it, and has built a cosy and comfortable log house for their accommodation and that of the happy mortals who are invited to partake of their well-known hospitality and share their peculiar privileges. It was my



AN AFTERNOON CATCH AT MUNISING BAY. TEN FISH, 10¼LBS.

good fortune to be one of those favored individuals on the invitation of Mr. Fayette Brown, of Cleveland, well known as a thorough business men, expert fisherman and naturalist, and the best of good fellows; and on one of the golden days of early September of last year I began an experience not soon to be forgotten.

The bay is bordered by a belt of shallow water, exquisitely clear and clean, and deepens very gradually for about 75yds. from shore, when it is 10 or 12ft. to the bottom. Thence it plunges off very rapidly, reaching a depth of 50 to 100ft. within a few rods. Along this ridge or shoulder flourishes a growth of water weeds, rising nearly to the surface and broken into clumps, promontories and depressions, in and around which the trout lie. The fisherman, anchoring his boat according to the direction of the wind on one side or the other of the belt of weeds, lets it drift within good casting distance and then uses his fly or bait with perfect convenience.

A favorite and fatal method of fishing is to use rather a large hook, well covered with angle worms, and with a split shot at the base; make a long cast with a strong fly-rod and then gradually draw in the line through the rings. When the line tightens a strike is apt to develop a very big trout, and considerable sport will ensue before he gets near the landing net. Although a fly-fisherman by predisposition and inheritance, it seemed to me best to follow the local customs; but, after having messed with worms, strained my rod and nearly put a hook through my ear, I determined to catch those trout on the fly or go without. The hated worms and bullet came off, and a leader rigged with a coachman, Montreal and Parmachenee on No. 4 hooks took its place, and I began diligent work. Several spots were tried without success, but finally, near the mouth of the little river, a place was found where the weeds were much broken into clumps and there I took my first trout on the fly. After this I always began fishing at this point and moved only when nothing developed, and this was not uncommon, for these trout were especially freaky and uncertain in their tastes. Many a time I have cast diligently for hours without a rise, while the surface around me showed no sign. Suddenly there would be a great splash as a 2-pounder left the water close by, and then for an hour fish would rise all about me, while never a one would touch the fly. But patient waiting and work, such as my old friend Fuller, of Meacham Lake, calls "stick-to-it-iveness," would always win in the end, and when success came it was always very satisfactory and generally abundant.

By far the most successful fly, though I tried about every usual pattern, was the plain coachman. This would be selected from the cast by fully four fish out of five, and they generally seemed to prefer the upper dropper of my three flies, I suppose because this fly was most on the surface and moved most naturally. When trout would not come to the surface at all I sometimes caught them by making a long cast, letting the flies sink quite deeply, and then very slowly and jerkily reeling them in. I saw almost no small fish, rarely taking one of less than 1lb., while the usual size was rather larger, and fish of 2 or 3lbs., or even more, are common. They seem to gain a certain size before venturing out into the open water of the bay. All of these fish, even the largest I took, which weighed 3¼lbs. and rose fairly, were slim and shapely, and most magnificently vigorous, instead of being comparatively heavy and loggy, as I have found most large trout to be in comparison with fish of 1lb. or under. Evidently the normal size of the Lake Superior trout is very large, and he does not begin to grow thick and heavy until he reaches 4 or 5lbs. at least, if then. Of course the open water, abundance of room and absence of obstructions give a great advantage to the rod, and with patience and care one should land almost every fish hooked, no matter how heavy and strong.

I send herewith a few of the products of my camera, taken on the spot, and can only wish my fellow sportsmen the luck to see and fish the same waters before progress ruins them.

A. St. J. Newberry.

Cleveland, O.

IN THE FAR NORTH LAND.—I.

While journeying in the far north lands of British America I was impressed by the comparative scarcity of the "big game" which once abounded there. Great herds of buffalo formerly lived on the southern shores of Great Slave Lake and even as far north as the Liard River. Moose were plentiful throughout the whole Mackenzie Basin, and immense herds of reindeer had their feeding grounds close to the Mackenzie River.

When the Hudson Bay Company ceased to have exclusive right to trade in the country an indiscriminate slaughter of fur-bearing animals began, which at the present time bids fair to repeat the old story of the destruction of game on our side of the border. The company has always before this refused to buy furs out of season, but their wise protective policy is of no avail when fur traders are ready to purchase furs in any condition at any time of year.

The plains buffalo in its wild state has entirely disappeared from Canada, only a few tame animals remaining in the hands of private owners. A small number of wood buffalo still live in the great triangle formed by the Peace River on the south, the Liard on the north, and Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie on the east. Estimates of the size of this band vary from 180 to 300. Sometimes five or six animals, detachments from the main band, are heard of near Fort Vermillion on the Peace, or Forts Smith and Resolution on Great Slave Lake.

The country is exceedingly difficult of access; the muskegs, widely separated water courses, and, above all, the mosquitoes, forming insurmountable obstacles to summer travel, while the great distances and uncertain food supply protect it from invasion in the winter. Still, should there come a winter of deep snows, when the buffalo were within hunting distance, the Indians on their snowshoes could easily pursue and slaughter the helpless animals.

The Indians of the Southern Mackenzie district are not mighty hunters; they prefer to fish and hunt rabbits and reindeer, rather than incur many hardships in the pursuit of big game. They possess few rifles, and their short guns cannot be used for long range shooting. These facts, and the one that the Hudson Bay Company does not encourage the killing of the buffalo, have served to protect the animals from extermination. But the opposition fur traders have no scruples about the matter. They snap up eagerly every robe brought in, and with the increasing number of traders the wood buffalo will soon be a thing of the past, unless the Canadian Government takes immediate measures for its preservation. The Canadian National Park at Banff is well suited for a game preserve, and a small band of wood buffalo once introduced and protected would no doubt increase rapidly, like our little herd of plains buffalo in Yellowstone Park. The wood buffalo seems more alert and timid than that of the plains. If a shot is fired at a band, it is away at a sharp pace, and does not rest till a great distance is placed between it and the hunter. The animal is larger, has longer legs, and the fur is darker and finer than that of the plains buffalo; but these differences are no doubt caused by its environment, and are not important enough for it to be classed as a separate species.

The next animal in size is the moose, which is found throughout the Mackenzie Basin to tree limit near the Arctic Sea. It forms an important part of the food supply in the far north; most of the Indians along the Mackenzie being classed as "moose eaters," in distinction from the "caribou eaters" of the Barren Grounds and the country east and north of Great Slave Lake. The skin makes the best winter moccasins, and the meat, dried or fresh, is always in demand at the company's posts. But during the last few years the moose has become comparatively scarce, except in very inaccessible hunting grounds, a fact which renders more serious the important question of living in that severe climate. We saw only five moose on the journey to the Delta, two being killed by members of the brigade.

In 1885-6 Mr. Wm. Ogilvie explored the country between the Alaska boundary and the Peel and Mackenzie rivers. At one point, in latitude 65° 25', and at an altitude of 3,000ft. above the sea, he found a fine, rolling country covered with a stunted and scattered growth of trees and fine short grasses. No Indians had visited that part of the country for many years; moose were abundant and remarkably fearless, and caribou abounded in great numbers. Bighorn sheep and mountain goats lived on the rocky heights and many beaver were seen, a significant fact to the hunter, who knows that the beaver is the first animal to leave the districts invaded by white men.

This district and a portion of the wood buffalo country already alluded to are probably the best game districts now remaining in the north.

Both bighorn sheep and mountain goats are fairly numerous in the mountain ranges almost to the coast. The flesh of the latter animal is especially good in the north, and the Indians who trade at Forts Simpson, Good Hope, Norman and Peel's River often bring it in, fresh and dried, to the posts. Neither the sheep nor the goat is found in the spurs of the Rockies east of the Mackenzie. The mountain sheep is a variety of the bighorn of the more southern portion of the range, and has been recently named *Ovis montana dalli*, or Dall's mountain sheep. It is rather darker and smaller than the southern variety, a fact which seems strange when we consider that it is an Arctic animal. But the snowfall of the north is small compared with that of the Selkirks or more southern Rockies. No glaciers are found north of latitude 54°, the air being clear and intensely cold. The slight snowfall disappears rapidly in the spring under the continued action of the sun's rays, and even at the Delta I found the last spurs of the Rockies almost bare on July 15.

The grizzly bear is found in the Peace River country, but in the extreme north its place is taken by the smaller fiercer *Ursus arctos*, the silver tip or Barren Ground bear. Mr. Macfarlane, of the Hudson Bay Company, reports the latter animal not uncommon in the Anderson and Wilmot Horton River neighborhoods and in the mountain ranges of the lower Peel and Mackenzie rivers. It is said to resemble the brown bear of Europe, but Mr. Ogilvie speaks of its gray color, with white throat and beard. The Esquimaux and Indians generally avoid it unless hunting with a large, well-armed party, for it is as fierce as a grizzly, and is said to attack a hunter without provocation.

THE ANNA RIVER.

Black bears are especially numerous in the Peace River country, but are found throughout the whole Mackenzie Basin in good numbers.

The woodland reindeer or caribou lives permanently in wooded or mountainous districts on both sides of the Mackenzie and its tributaries. It is more numerous, however, and attains a larger size to the west of the Mackenzie, where it probably finds more abundant food. Mr. Ogilvie found it in Alaska while passing from Chilkat Inlet to the upper Peel River. The other species, the Barren Ground reindeer, is the animal which furnishes food for thousands of Esquimaux, Dog Ribs, Hare, Slavey and Coppermine Indians. From Hudson's Bay, in latitude 59°, the line which marks tree limit bends in a northwesterly direction till it reaches the Arctic Ocean, a short distance east of the Mackenzie Delta. Between this line and the sea lie the Barren Grounds inhabited by the reindeer, musk ox, wolves, wolverines, foxes, hares, and in the summer many species of wildfowl and smaller birds. It is not, as the name implies, a true barren ground. For some distance from the so-called tree limit stunted spruces and willows are found in sheltered hollows and along the water courses, and even in the more exposed places one can often find a growth of dwarf birch and willow only a few inches high. Sweet short grasses too grow in the interior, and in some places to the very shores of the Arctic Sea.

The Barren Ground reindeer is a distinct species from the woodland deer. They may meet in the wooded country during the winter, but they never interbreed. The Barren Ground deer during the latter part of October seek the shelter of the tree country, but as early as February the females and younger males start on their long journey to the shores of the Arctic Sea, arriving in April. There the fawns are born, and remain till in September, the herd begins its return journey to the south.

In October they join the males and stay with them until it is time to regain their winter quarters.

The lives of the natives depend on these migrations, and should the herds fail to pass by their accustomed routes north and south, great suffering and many deaths from starvation will follow. The deer skins furnish tents, clothing, bedding, material for nets, thread, snowshoe lacings and dog harness, while the flesh is the great staple of food for themselves and their dogs, and is bartered at the Hudson Bay Co.'s posts for tea, tobacco, ammunition and other necessaries.

While in the north I met Mr. McKinley, a Hudson Bay Co.'s officer, who accompanied Mr. Warburton Pike on a hunting excursion four years ago. They went some distance down Back's Fish River, but did not reach the Arctic Circle, as the season was late and their Indians afraid of Esquimaux.

Mr. McKinley told me that on leaving the north shore of Great Slave Lake the trees rapidly became stunted, and after a dozen miles only scrubby specimens a few feet high are seen. Here the country presents a most desolate appearance. In the hollows are grasses, dwarf willows and a few dwarfed spruces, but looking across country one sees only sharply tilted, rocky ridges, making traveling a painful and arduous task. Going still further, the land becomes more level and the soil better, and one often sees a beautiful growth of Arctic plants in among the grasses and on the mossy slopes.

The Barren Grounds have no permanent inhabitants, even the hardy Indians making only hunting excursions from its western borders for musk ox and reindeer, but never reaching the heart of the country. In summer the women can go with the men part of the way, for even beyond the forest country they can find turf, dwarf willows, and the *Andromeda polifolia* or crowberry, which serves as fuel; but in the winter, when the snow covers all, only the men venture in. They take with them on sledges as much fuel as the dogs can draw; the wood is cut in pieces 3 or 4in. in diameter and 2ft. long. One of these is used at a meal, and ten or twelve men will cook their dinner at the same fire for economy's sake. The dried meat is shredded very fine, put in a kettle of water and held close to the tiny fire. When the kettle boils it is removed, and the contents eaten, half cooked as they are.

Formerly the reindeer was found abundantly near Great Slave Lake, but for the last six or seven years they have been very scarce, and the hunters must go further to the east and northeast. Forest fires have burned the hanging moss which drapes the spruces in the north, and which is a favorite food of the reindeer, and the marshy feeding grounds have been destroyed. When a fire once starts in the beds of peat moss it may burn a long time, smouldering even under the winter snow.

Mr. Warburton Pike had much trouble evidently with his Indians and half-breeds, who served as guides and assistants on his journey. They charged him big prices, were insubordinate, quarrelsome, and must have been very disagreeable traveling companions. The usual price paid by the Hudson Bay Company to men acting as guides is "a skin" (about 50 cents) a day. Rations also must be provided: about three fish a day for each man or 8lbs. of dried meat, and 1lb. of tobacco and 1lb. of tea a month. For bedding in summer one good company's blanket is all that is necessary for a hardy man, and in winter a deerskin robe or two will be needed in addition.

Mr. Ogilvie describes one native method of killing the reindeer in Alaska. A ravine where the snow lies deep is selected, and around it on the lower side is built a brush fence, which is extended upward and backward to the uplands on each side, diverging until the ends are some miles apart. The fence consists merely of crotched sticks stuck into the snow at suitable distances, with poles laid horizontally in the crotches, due care being taken to cut and mark them so that the agency of man in its erection is made very evident. A party then scours the country around the mouth of the trap all the time, gradually approaching it, and driving any animal in the vicinity between the arms, which the deer avoid. They are thus slowly driven to the snow pit at the end, where they are easily dispatched. Had the reindeer sense enough they could easily dash through the fence, but they will not approach it.

In a similar way the Barren Ground Indians guide the deer to a narrow place in the wooded country or to some body of water where hunters are in hiding with their canoes. When the herd takes to the water the hunter darts out from the shore and spears the animals as they swim, the spear entering back of the ribs. The thrust must be given from behind, for if the canoe comes further forward the animal in dying will turn over and kick, upsetting the canoe. A long spear tipped with metal is used in hunting the reindeer. The back angles are cut sharp, so that the weapon can be easily withdrawn. The victims are left to die in the water and the hunter follows the flying herd, spearing another and another as he goes.

An intelligent Hare Indian at the Delta spoke to me in favor of the old mode of hunting with bows and arrows. He said that guns frightened the deer from the country and that the Indians fare no better now than in former times, when more primitive weapons were used. If one of a band is shot with bows and arrows the others will look at it and perhaps run to and fro in a confused way, but will not become thoroughly alarmed and leave the neighborhood; but when they are once well frightened by the reports of guns the herd will run for a long distance beyond the reach of the Indians. Bows and arrows are used now by the Indians only for wildfowl and small game. The Esquimaux still hunt reindeer with them, but during the last few years rifles have been obtained by some of the Esquimaux from American whalers west of the Mackenzie.

The skin of the reindeer is in best condition in July, when the old coat has fallen and the new one is dark and thick. I was given while in the north a beautiful albino skin, that of a yearling. It was snowy white except for a few brown specks on the throat—a great rarity in America. The tame deer of Norway, Lapland and Siberia are more varied in color than those of America, and many of the Siberian skins are piebald. These are considered especially desirable for native dresses, as it is said that the hair does not fall out as soon as that of the wild animals.

A Hudson Bay Company officer told me that from Herschell Island, 100 miles west of the Delta, piebald skins were sometimes bought by the Indians; but I am inclined

MR. NEWBERY'S LARGEST TROUT, 8¾LBS.

to think that these skins had found their way there from the Asiatic tribes across Behring Straits. In former times there was a brisk trade between the natives of the two continents.

Although the musk ox and reindeer occupy the same region during the summer months, the musk ox seldom migrates as far south in the winter as tree limit, remaining north of latitude 60°. Nor is its range as wide as that of the reindeer, and it is not found at the present time west of the Mackenzie, though fossil remains show that it once inhabited Alaska. The easiest route to the musk ox country is to start from Fort Rae; or going first to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, strike northward from that point. This was the course taken by Mr. Warburton Pike and Mr. McKinley on Mr. Pike's first expedition. They went in on the last snow, leaving the lake May 7 and returning Aug. 26. In about eight days they reached the land of the musk ox.

The animals are usually seen in small bands ranging from five to fifty, but there may be many bands within a short distance. One Indian, who had been down the Coppermine River the spring before I visited the far north, reported that he had seen the musk ox in immense numbers, as he said, "They were as the buffalo."

There seems to be little danger of the speedy extermination of the musk ox. The difficulty of bringing out the meat and robes to the posts is very great, and the severe climate and rough country prove a protection. The animals, as they are hunted more and more, will retire further to the interior, until they will reach a point where it will be almost impossible for the Indians to pursue them.

Only within the last twenty years have the musk ox robes been "made fur" of; that is bought by the Hudson Bay Co. other companies. With the disappearance of the buffa arose a demand for musk ox skins, for sleigh robes and or rugs. Fort Rae is the post from which the grea st number of musk ox robes are sent to the outside wor d. About 1,000 left the district the year I was there, but some passed through the hands of opposition traders —those not connected with the Hudson Bay Company.

The best skin is that of a three-year-old cow, fine, uniform and not too tufty or hairy. At Winnipeg a robe can sometimes be bought for $35, but often in London twice that amount is charged for a good skin. Most of the robes sold in the fashionable Regent street shops are sold to Canadians and find their way eventually to our side of the ocean. The skin of a young calf a few days old is really beautiful, the hair being soft and silky with a close inner growth of wool. Often the dusky brown hair is interspersed with gray, suggesting the fur of a silver fox. These baby musk ox skins are beginning to be in demand n the market. Two of the smallest will make a muff nd long boa, and are very pretty, though rather odd. The fur is much more durable than lynx, but does not wear as well as that of the black bear.

The Barren Grounds are well suited to the capture of reindeer and musk ox. Over the summits of the rocky ridges one can often see the antlers of the deer, and by creeping along cautiously come within easy shooting range. In the spring and autumn heavy fogs are frequent, and at such seasons the Indians always hunt in couples. These fogs come suddenly upon the hunter; a gray advancing cloud is seen, a chill in the air is felt, and one is enveloped in the mist and unable to see the half of canoe's length in front.

Mr. McKinley told me that he had never seen the musk ox show fight; even when wounded they would try to escape. However, they defend their young valiantly from the wolves, putting the calves and the females within a circle and presenting their formidable horns to the enemy.

One of the hunters at Fort Rae—Antoine—agreed with Mr. McKinley in saying that the mother covers her calf with snow immediately after birth, and it remains there under shelter for several days.

In Antoine's broken English, "The mother paw snow over baby musk ox, making like a little house. The warm makes like a roof over the baby musk ox, as the snow melts a little. The baby lie there quiet and does not drink milk. Then in two, three days, the baby grow strong and comes out and drinks milk of its mother. After that if anything come near to frighten the mother she runs to baby musk ox and paws snow all over him to hide him. The hunters shoot the mother and the baby comes out from snow and is afraid of dogs and runs to hunters. They cut its throat with knives and knock it in the head, and sometimes dogs run and pull it down and bite its throat."

Mr. McKinley corroborated this, and described the little brown head rising up out of the snow where it had been hidden, and the poor little thing hurrying to them for protection from the dogs.

The young animals accompany the mother for several months, and if the latter is killed the calf will linger near and can easily be run down and captured with the help of dogs. Lieut. Greely succeeded in taking several calves his first winter in the Arctic regions; they became tame in a few days and would no doubt have thrived had they been given roomy quarters and exercise; but the Esquimau dogs made it necessary to confine the calves closely, and they died after a few months.

Sir Donald A. Smith, governor of the Hudson Bay Co., has offered a large reward for two young musk ox, but so far no one has claimed the reward. The food on which the animal lives, mosses, lichens and grasses, is abundant from the true Barren lands almost to civilization. By taking a young animal just weaned from its mother the undertaking could no doubt be carried out successfully. An eight or ten days' journey would bring it to Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake, and from that point the little Hudson Bay Co. steamers that make one trip a year to the far north and the "brigade" of open boats manned by Indians would bring the Arctic *voyageur* within 100 miles of Edmonton, the most northern town in Canada. From Edmonton there would be no trouble (wagons and the railway being the mode of travel), and in about a week more the young musk ox would reach Montreal, the home of Sir Donald. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

SPORT IN INDIA.—III.

Central India.

GOING again southward we found Central India a rough, hilly country, only partially cleared and settled. In some sections there are very extensive stretches of populated open country, while in others there are equally extensive masses of untouched forest, but generally speaking there is a scattered intermixture of forest and clearing which is a state of things very favorable for sport. Deer of all kinds are usually more plentiful along the edges of the woods and round about clearings than in the midst of extensive forest. They like to get out on to the open at night and they come after the crops. Tiger and leopard follow the deer and also prey on the villager's cattle. Thus the sportsman can camp in a convenient way within easy reach of villages and supplies, and following main lines of road, and yet have plenty of game round about. In the open stretches there are plenty of black antelope, nylgau, bustard, florican partridges, sand grouse, etc., and the gazelle is here abundant. The country abounds with artificial sheets of water formed by damming up rivers for the purpose of irrigating the land and getting a water supply, which would otherwise be very deficient in this dry, rocky country. On these are to be found wild duck, teal, snipe, etc. The forests contain all the kinds of game before mentioned and in addition the Indian bison, which is not found in the north. This is the largest of the bovine tribe, standing 6ft. at the shoulder, of huge bulk and carrying massive horns. The stalking of these great beasts on the wooded hillsides is one of the most interesting of Indian field sports.

A great deal of the shooting in Central India is effected by driving the game with the aid of a large body of beaters. A piece of forest perhaps half a mile wide and a mile or more long having been selected, as known or likely to hold some game, the sportsmen take their positions across one end and the beaters forming a line across the far end advance gradually, making a hideous din with yells and drums and driving everything before them. Tigers, leopards, bears, hogs and deer are thus shot. In the case of tigers the arrangements are usually rather elaborate.

In addition to the beaters men are posted in trees at short intervals down each side of the beat to prevent the tiger from escaping to one side, so that the animal is surrounded and forced to go down to the guns. The sportsmen in this case are posted on rough platforms of boughs and poles in trees some 12 or 14ft. above the ground. As it is not worth while to make all these preparations on the mere chance of a tiger being there, preliminary measures are taken by tieing up calves every night as baits in likely places round about camp. These are visited early every morning, fed and watered for the day and again tied out for the night. When one is killed it is easy for practiced professional hunters to decide pretty accurately where the tiger has laid up. Being gorged, he will lie up for the day in the nearest suitable stretch of thick covert, and then the drive is organized and carried out.

The climate of Central India is rather hotter than [that of Northern India, but still there is a very fine pleasant winter season from November to March. Owing to the rocky nature of the land the forests dry up after the rainy season more quickly than the denser northern forest under the Himalayas, and they can be entered by December without any fear of jungle fever.

Southern India resembles the central portion in its general character, and the same kinds of game are found there. It has a milder and more equable climate, owing to the proximity of the sea on either hand as the peninsula tapers off. The best sporting regions in Southern India are the hill ranges of the Neilgherries and the wooded hills above the west coast. These enjoy a perfect climate and contain abundance of game in their slopes.

Indian Fishing.

A word may be said about Indian fishing. The celebrated mahseer is a species of carp running up to 80lbs. or more in weight, a very handsome large-scaled fish. He inhabits rushing rivers, and the fishing in all respects resembles salmon fishing, "but more so." The mahseer has great power in the water and makes a tremendous fight for it. In the greater rivers, where he attains his full size, and his struggles are aided by a deep, swift and wide current, it is necessary to use a very powerful salmon rod with 200yds. of the strongest line, and it is often a hard job to check his rush before he runs out all the line. Then comes a long and severe piece of playing; inch by inch and foot by foot he has to be reeled in, and then off he goes with another rush, taking nearly as much line out as at first. This work is enough to tire the arms. Two or three hours are sometimes taken up before a big mahseer succumbs, and I know of one case where the angler's interview with his fish was prolonged for over eight hours, and he had to send to camp for his supper and a lantern before he could come to conclusions.

Every Indian river, except the sluggish sandy ones flowing through the great northern plains, holds mahseer in abundance, so that fishing can nearly always be had as well as shooting.

An Expedition to India.

A sporting expedition to India for one winter season or for a whole year, including a summer in the Himalayan Mountains, could be arranged and carried out without much difficulty, even without being led by some one experienced in Indian field sports and in the languages and manners and customs of the country. There must be many who would like to see something of the sport as well as of the people and the ancient cities and temples and other wonders of India, which the regular winter tourist goes to see. I inquired from FOREST AND STREAM some years ago and was informed that several sporting expeditions to India had been projected, but had fallen through. I was then thinking of organizing and leading a party, but I think I can show how a small party of four or six could get along very well by themselves.

The first thing to do on landing in Bombay or Calcutta would be to hire the services of a respectable English-speaking native, who would accompany the party throughout, act as interpreter and boss the servants. A suitable man ought to be obtained easily enough (perhaps through Cook & Co.'s agency). Also some servants would be engaged who had a little smattering of English. It would be as well to have one of these to each member of the party. He would be your personal attendant and could be around with you at all times. Thus the party could go into the country and get along very well. A great many of the British army officers, whose duties do not make it necessary for them to study the language, have a very slight knowledge of it, and yet with the aid of a servant who knows a little broken English they go out on shooting trips and get along all right.

Being provided then with a respectable English-speaking interpreter and a few servants as above said, the party would go by rail to some outfitting point in the interior and there fit out and make a start into camp.

In such a large country of course hundreds of different tours might be marked out, but by way of a sample I will describe one tour which would prove satisfactory and would take in a great variety of Indian country and game.

Landing in Bombay at the end of September, go by rail to Jubbulpore, a large station in Central India, and there fit out. (All the places I shall mention will be found in any atlas.)

It will be in order here to explain that the whole of British India is divided up into "districts" averaging say eighty miles by forty in size, and each district has a headquarters "station." Some of these are only "civil stations," the residence of the group of officials who manage the district. At the smaller stations there is always a "Europe shop" or two where canned provisions, liquors, powder and shot, etc., can be got. Thus in marching about the country supplies of this kind can be renewed pretty frequently. The larger stations, such as Jubbulpore, are also military centers, and the shops contain a considerable variety of goods. At this place tents are also made, and it is therefore a good outfitting point. The outfit to be bought would be somewhat as follows. I will suppose a party of four.

	Rupees.
Four ponies at 75 rupees	300
Four saddles and bridles at 30 rupees	120
One light driving rig with harness	200
Two sleeping tents at 40 rupees	80
One general tent	50
One kitchen tent	30
Camp furniture, cooking utensils, bedding, enameled plates and dishes, etc., etc., say	150
Total	930

Or, say 1,000 rupees. At present rates of exchange this would equal about $350. And supposing that the whole was sold off at only half price (though you would probably do better), at the end of the trip the loss would be $175, which is not much divided by four.

Then the following servants would be enlisted: one cook and an assistant, two table servants, four grooms, two grass cutters, a couple of "coolies" as helps in pitching tents and tending camp, and a couple of "shikarees" or native hunters, a water man, a washer man and a sweeper. These with your four personal servants make up twenty-one men, which of course in this country seems an absurdly large number, but they are necessary in India, and their pay is a mere trifle. The lower servants, such as grass cutters and coolies, would get only 6 rupees (equal to about $2) a month and find themselves. The upper servants and cook would get some 10 or 12 rupees (say $4) a month. I have put these rates higher than the wages ordinarily paid by residents, because servants hired for a camp and having to leave their homes and go into the jungles expect a little more. The above rates are very liberal and would insure content and keep the men with you. At an average of say 9 rupees, the twenty-one servants would cost you about $63 a month. Your respectable English-speaking head man might expect 20 or even 30 rupees a month, and it would be worth while to pay him well, say 30 rupees (equal to $10) a month.

For the conveyance of the camp two bullock carts would be hired at about 15 rupees a month each, 30 rupees, or $10 a month.

The cost of living may be put at 2 rupees a day per head, equals 8 rupees, or say $3 a day, for the party of four, and this is a very liberal estimate.

The commissariat arrangements are as follows: ordinary provisions, such as flour, rice, fowls, eggs and milk, can be bought all over the country in the larger villages and markets, which would never be far out of reach of the camp; also a few common kinds of native vegetables. The better class of garden vegetables and potatoes can only be had at the English stations, as well as canned provisions and liquors.

The above calculation shows that running expenses would be about 360 rupees or $120 a month—only $1 a day per head. In addition to this there would be some little expense in hiring villagers occasionally as beaters or to carry in game, etc., but since a villager thinks himself well paid with about 10 cents for a day's work, this cannot come to much. Even a big "drive" as before described, using 100 men, will only cost $10 and that would only be an occasional occurrence. If you put down $50 each per month as all the expenses you will be a long way on the safe ride.

Having fitted out at Jubbulpore and laid in enough canned provisions, liquors, etc., a route would be laid out of 200 miles northward along the "Great Deccan Road." This is one of the great metaled highways of the country, formerly constantly traveled by stages, carriages, etc., but now thrown out of use by the railway. It runs through a good sample of Central Indian country partly cleared, partly wooded, and almost every variety of Central Indian game will be found along it (except bison). This route of 200 miles would be only twenty short marches, but the progress along it could easily be made to cover say three months, October, November and December, by halting for a week or two at good places and by occasionally branching off. Every two or three weeks while making a halt the light driving rig would be sent back to Jubbulpore to get your mail and a fresh supply of canned and bottled goods, until the distance became too great, when you would find some other center nearer. A very large map of India would be used, showing all the districts and stations, post offices, etc. One hundred miles would bring you to the native city of Rewah, and a march or two beyond that the great river Sone is found to be near the road running in a deep-forested valley full of game. There is probably no cart road down into this valley. In such cases leaving carts and heavy goods behind and hiring a gang of villagers to carry a light camp, you would penetrate a day's march into the Sone valley, camp by the river for a week or so and then return to the main road.

The end of this 200-mile route brings you to the large station of Mirzapore, on the river Ganges, and you have now passed out of the Central Indian country and reached the great northern plain.

It would be well here to take the rail for Bareilly, and from that station lay out a route of 150 miles to the sacred city of Hurdwar. The march should be along the Grand Trunk road, and by branching off and making halts two months could well be spent. Here you have a good sample of the sport to be had on the northern plains.

Hurdwar stands at the foot of the Himalayan outer ranges or foothills, and here the river Ganges issues from the hills and affords the very finest of mahseer fishing. Beyond Hurdwar and behind the foothills lies the celebrated valley of Dehra Doon, about fifteen miles wide, thickly wooded and affording an excellent sample of the sub-Himalayan forest. The month of March and part of April could be spent here to great advantage. When April is fairly in the weather gets pretty warm and the visitors will be ready to make their retreat. If it is intended to spend the summer in the mountains the party should ascend to the neighboring hill station of Mussoorie and there arrange for marching in the Himalayas, or they will take the rail for Bombay or Calcutta.

Such is an outline of how an Indian sporting tour could be conducted, and I do not think that any serious difficulty would be experienced. I shall be happy to give further details to any one who may contemplate the trip and who may require to know about some points which I may have omitted to mention. Of course all information as to how to get from America to Bombay or Calcutta can be found out from any travelers' agency such as Cook & Co.

At Bombay and Calcutta there are firms of general agents who are also bankers, and will do anything for you, such as forwarding your mails, etc. I can especially mention the firm of King & Co. at both of these ports. The traveler should have his mails sent to their care and redirected by them as he moves about, and he should deposit his funds with them and have them send him drafts from time to time, which can be cashed at the up-country banks or at the Government treasury at stations where there is no bank, thus avoiding carrying about too much cash at one time.

A Winchester rifle of the more powerful models, such as the Winchester express .45 or .50 gauge, would answer quite well for all Indian sport except the three heavy beasts, rhinoceros, buffalo and bison, which require a heavy, large bore. But the visitor would have little chance of seeing buffalo or rhino, which can only be got at on elephants. Bison may be shot with an express if the bullet is well placed in the head or neck, but there is much chance of only wounding and losing.

Winchester ammunition is not generally on sale in India, so a good supply should be taken along.

An ordinary 12-bore is the best gun. It is an advantage to have it hard hitting and long ranging, as a large proportion of the shooting is at wildfowl, geese, cranes, sand grouse, etc. A pea rifle is also very handy for shooting bustard, pea fowl, cranes, otters, etc.

The dress for camping in India is much the same as one would wear in the Southern States of this country.

MAJOR G. M. BELLASIS,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

YOUNG'S POINT, Ontario, Can.

Natural History.

RATTLESNAKE AND HORSE.

ON Sunday, Aug. 9, Noel E. Money was riding on horseback in the Ramapo Mountains back of his home, Oakland, N. J. While on his way down one of the roads that thread these mountains, he happened to look upon the ground directly beneath his horse and saw a rattlesnake stretched out across the road immediately beneath him. He dug his heels into his horse's sides, the animal responding by a quick leap forward, landing horse and rider in some pretty rocky country. Looking back at the snake, Mr. Money saw that it had not moved, but was still stretched out in a straight line across the road. This made him think that some one had killed the snake and placed it there; wanting to examine it more closely, he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree and went back to look at the snake.

When within a few feet of it he saw a short, quick movement of its head as it turned toward him. This showed that it was alive, and he made haste to get a stick with which to kill it. On approaching it again, this time with a stick, he poked the stick at it, whereupon the snake struck at the stick, the extreme length of the "strike" being apparently about 6in. The reptile did not coil nor rattle until thoroughly aroused by being teased with the stick. Killing the snake, Mr. Money cut off the rattles, which were incomplete, a certain number of them, together with the button, being missing. The portion he secured showed eight rattles.

Mr. Money heard another snake rattling somewhere close by (or fancied that he did so) and searched for it. Returning to his horse after an absence of about ten minutes, he found it with a badly swollen off-hind fetlock, and at once surmised that the injury was due to a sprain as a result of the leap onto the rocky road. On his arrival home, three-quarters of an hour later, he accordingly put hot fomentations on the injured limb to reduce the swelling. It was not until the poison had begun to work in its system, and an examination had been instituted, that it was discovered that the animal had been bitten by the snake in the off-hind fetlock. Everything was done for the horse, a skilled veterinary surgeon being called, while Mr. Money informed me on Saturday, Aug. 15, six days after the occurrence, that he was afraid he would find the horse dead on his return home, as it was in a very bad way when he left Oakland that morning.

Several times the horse had showed great improvement, eating and drinking well. The latter part of the week, however, the poison seemed to have reached the head, producing a sort of blind staggers. These became so violent on Saturday, and there being apparently no chance of saving the animal's life, its sufferings were ended by a bullet from a .38caliber Colt in the hand of Capt. Money.

There are some curious features about this occurrence. In the first place it is a popular belief that a rattlesnake cannot strike unless previously coiled, but Mr. Money's statement shows plainly that the snake did strike at a stick, the length of the strike being about 6in., and that, too, while the snake was stretched out perfectly straight. It is also generally supposed that a rattlesnake will always give warning when it can that it is going to do mischief, yet this one gave no such warning when it struck at the stick, it only coiled and rattled when thoroughly aroused by being teased with the stick. The fact that the horse was bitten in the fetlock of one of its hind-legs is pretty conclusive proof that the blow was administered while the horse was jumping over it.

Mr. E. Hough, of Chicago, and myself had an experience with a good-sized old rattler in the Alleghany Mountains about Aug. 28 or 29, 1894. Mr. Hough graphically described our encounter in a later issue of FOREST AND STREAM; he also told what fun Dick, the pet coon at the Wopsononock Hotel, near Altoona, Pa., had with the body of the snake when presented with it. As I remember it, this snake rattled before we got within 15yds. of him. He was not coiled, but was slowly retreating over some rocks at the side of the road at the time. We used rocks on him and he struck at the first one, which, badly aimed, fell close to him. The second rock hit him fairly, and then he tried to coil, but could not do so owing to his backbone being shattered.

The point of similarity between Mr. Money's snake and ours is that both struck when stretched out; the difference was that ours rattled long before we either saw it or got near it, while Mr. Money's did not rattle at all until it had done the mischief.

EDWARD BANKS.

HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

[Concluded from page 124.]

Hawks and Owls.

IN speaking of the injustice which has been done to many of the best friends of the farm and garden, Dr. Fisher says: "The birds of prey, the majority of which labor night and day to destroy the enemies of the husbandmen, are persecuted unceasingly." There are only three common inland hawks in the United States that do harm, and when this is understood it becomes most important that they should be distinguished from those whose services are of value in order that the beneficial ones may not be killed by mistake. They are the goshawk, Cooper's hawk, and sharp-shinned hawk. Of these, fortunately, the goshawk is rare in the United States except in winter. Cooper's hawk, or the chicken hawk, is the most destructive, especially to doves; and the sharp-shinned hawk is very destructive to small birds, 96 per cent. of its stomach contents consisting of birds. But about two-thirds of the birds of prey in the United States are mainly beneficial.

Marsh Hawk.

The marsh hawk is one of the most valuable of the num-

ber. It can be easily distinguished by its white rump and its habit of beating low over the meadows, for it is an indefatigable mouser. Meadow mice, rabbits and squirrels are its favorite quarry.

Red-Tailed Hawk, Hen Hawk.

This name, which the bird does not deserve, is probably responsible for much of the false opinion regarding it. Dr. Fisher says: "While fully 66 per cent. of the red-tail's food consists of mammals, not more than 7 per cent. consists of poultry, and it is possible that a large proportion of the poultry and game captured by it and the other buzzard hawks is made up of old, diseased or otherwise disabled fowls, so preventing their interbreeding with the sound stock and hindering the spread of fatal epidemics." Among other things, the red-tail eats ground squirrels, rabbits, mice and rats.

Red-Shouldered Hawk.

This useful bird's list of food includes mice, snakes, grasshoppers, earthworms, snails, spiders and centipedes. Ninety per cent. of its food is composed of injurious mammals and insects.

Sparrow Hawk.

Grasshoppers, crickets and other insects form the chief food of the sparrow hawk during the warm months, and mice during the rest of the year.

Swainson's Hawk.

This bird is the great grasshopper destroyer of the West. It is estimated that in a month 300 of these birds—and they go in large flocks—save sixty tons of produce that the grasshoppers would have destroyed.

Long-Eared Owl.

The long-eared owl is an industrious mouser and molests comparatively few birds. As it is one of the commonest owls, the good it does must be very great.

Barred Owl.

Although this bird has a bad reputation, only 4¼ per cent. of its food is poultry and game, and if the chickens were shut up at night it would not do even this amount of harm. Most of its food is made up of small mammals, many of them the worst enemies we have. It also eats large numbers of injurious insects.

Screech Owl.

Nearly three-fourths of its food is of injurious mammals and insects, including grasshoppers, crickets and cutworms, mice and rats.

Barn Owl.

The food of the barn owl consists almost exclusively of mammals, such as gophers, the common rat and cotton rat, mice and shrews. From the nest of one pair of owls 454 skulls were taken, of which 235 were meadow mice and 179 house mice. Six hundred and seventy-five "pellets" or rejects of the barn owl, taken from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution by Dr. A. K. Fisher, contained the remains of 1,821 mammals, birds and batrachians, as follows: Rabbits 1, rats 134, mice 1,596, short-tailed shrews 54, moles 1, bats 1, small birds 32, frogs 2. In other words, mice constituted 93 per cent. of the food of these owls.

English Sparrow.

It seems remarkable that the sparrow should ever have been introduced into the United States, for the English had already been fifty years in trying to destroy the pest; and in Australia the injury done by the sparrow had been so serious that the bird became the dominant factor in politics, an election hanging on the question of its extermination, and the leaders who stood for its active destruction winning the day.

In the United States we are reaping the results of our own ignorance and folly. Since the bird was introduced in 1850 it has become established in thirty-five States and five Territories, and has done its worst in driving away our native birds and destroying buds, blossoms, fruit and grain.

It has been shown to interfere with seventy kinds of our own birds, most of which nest about houses and gardens and are beneficial to the farm and garden. The examination of 522 stomachs shows that, while it eats wheat, oats and corn, it has little interest in insects. Of the insects which it has been found to eat, forty-seven kinds are harmful, while fifty are beneficial, which shows how much good is to be expected from it in destroying pests to counterbalance what it does in driving away our own birds that live on insects.

It is clear that the English sparrow should be exterminated, that laws protecting him should be repealed, and that some intelligent, systematic action should be taken to rid the United States of his obnoxious presence. Bounty laws cannot do this, for, as has been clearly demonstrated, they do more mischief than can easily be remedied, as money is usually spent on the heads of the valuable birds that have been mistaken for the injurious ones. But the work might be effectively done by State boards or commissioners, who should hire trained assistants to destroy the birds and their nests.

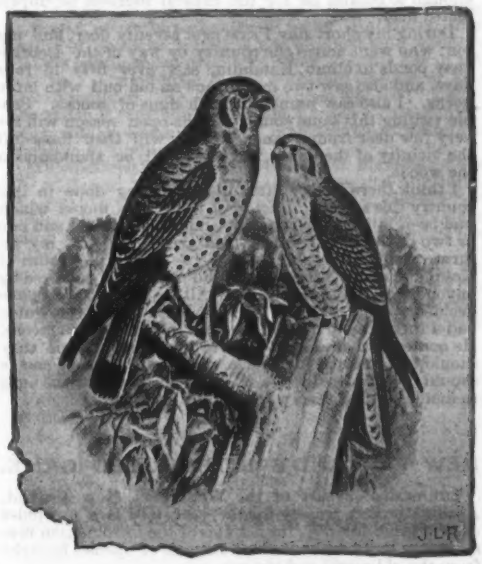
Conclusion.

So far as it has gone, the examination of the stomach contents of birds has proved that, except in rare cases, where individuals attack cultivated fruits and grains, our native birds merely preserve the balance of nature by destroying weeds that plague the farmer and by checking the insects that destroy the produce of the agriculturist. The great value of birds is demonstrated. The question is first how to attract them where they have disappeared, and then how to protect the crops from their occasional depredations. Mr. Forbush, who has experimented in the matter in Massachusetts, both fed the birds and planted bushes to attract them. He says: "It is evident that a diversity of plants which encourages diversified insect life and assures an abundance of fruits and seeds as an attraction to birds will insure their presence."

The cultivated crops can be protected in two ways: either by mechanical devices that frighten the birds away from the fruit or grain fields, or by the substitution of wild or cultivated kinds. To frighten the birds away, white twine can be strung across berry beds, string hung with bits of glittering waste tin over fields, while stuffed hawks and cats can be kept in orchards. To attract the birds from cultivated fruit it is well to plant some wild fruit that will bear during the weeks when the birds eat the garden or orchard crops. In this connection Mr. Forbush says: "I wish particularly to note the fact that the mulberry trees, which ripen their berries in June, proved to be a protection to the cultivated cherries, as the fruit-eating birds seem to prefer them to the cultivated cherries, perhaps because they ripen somewhat earlier"; and he adds, "I believe it would be wise for the farmer to plant rows of these trees near his orchard, and it is possible that the early June berry or shadberry might also be useful in this respect."

Prof. Beal suggests planting berry bushes along the roads and fences and between grain fields.

To protect strawberries and cherries (May and June), plant Russian mulberry and June berry or shadberry.



SPARROW HAWK.

To protect raspberries and blackberries (July and August), plant mulberry, buckthorn, elder and choke cherry.

To protect apples, peaches, grapes (September and October), plant choke cherries, elder, wild black cherry and Virginia creeper.

To protect winter fruits, plant Virginia creeper, dogwood, mountain ash, bittersweet, viburnum, hackberry, bayberry and pokeberry.

Birds that eat mulberries are the flycatchers, warblers, vireos, cuckoos, blackbirds, orioles, finches, sparrows, tanagers, waxwings, catbirds, bluebirds and thrushes.

RED-TAILED HAWK.

Birds that eat the potato beetle are the rose-breasted grosbeak, cuckoo and quail.

Birds that eat the tent caterpillar (which does most harm to apple and cherry trees) are the crow, chickadee, oriole, red-eyed vireo, yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, chipping sparrow and yellow warbler.

Birds that eat the cut worm (which eats off corn, etc., before it is fairly started in the spring, and is very destructive to grass) are the robin, crow, catbird, loggerhead shrike, house wren, meadow lark, cowbird, Baltimore oriole, brown thrasher and red-winged blackbird.

Ants (which spread plant-lice, destroy timber and infest houses) are the favorite food of the catbird, thrasher, house wren and woodpeckers; and are eaten by almost all land birds except birds of prey.

Scale insects (which are a fruit-tree pest, injure oranges, olives, etc.) are eaten by the bush tit, woodpeckers and cedar bird.

The May beetle (which ravages forest trees, also injures grain and grass lands) is eaten by the hermit thrush, wood thrush, robin, meadow lark, brown thrasher, bluebird, catbird, bluejay, crow blackbird, crow, loggerhead shrike, mockingbird and gray-cheeked thrush.

Weevils (which injure grain, forage and market gardens) are eaten by the crow blackbird, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole, catbird, brown thrasher, house wren, meadow lark, cowbird, bluebird, robin, swallows, flycatchers, mockingbird, woodpeckers, wood thrush, Alice's thrush and scarlet tanager.

The chinch bug (which eats grain and wheat) is eaten by the brown thrasher, meadow lark, catbird, red-eyed vireo, robin and Bob White.

The wire worm (which causes heavy losses in the cornfield) is eaten by the red-winged blackbird, crow blackbird, crow, woodpeckers, brown thrasher, scarlet tanager, robin, catbird, Baltimore oriole, meadow lark and cowbird.

Crane flies (which eat grass roots in the hay fields) are eaten by the robin, catbird, wood thrush, gray-cheeked thrush, olive-backed thrush, crow, crow blackbird and red-winged blackbird.

The soldier bug is eaten by the robin, bluebird, crow blackbird, crow, catbird, house wren, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole and meadow lark.

Birds that eat the cotton worm are the bluebird, bluejay, red-winged blackbird, thrush, prairie chicken, quail, kildee, bobolink, mockingbird, cardinal and cuckoo.

Gypsy Moth.—Mr. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, gives the following list of birds seen to feed on the gypsy moth: Yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, pigeon woodpecker, kingbird, great crested flycatcher, phœbe, wood pewee, least flycatcher, bluejay, crow, Baltimore oriole, purple grackle or crow blackbird, chipping sparrow, chewink, rose breasted grosbeak, indigo bird, scarlet tanager, red-eyed vireo, yellow-throated vireo, white-eyed vireo, black-and-white warbler, yellow warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated green warbler, oven bird, Maryland yellow-throated warbler, American redstart, catbird, brown thrasher, house wren, white-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, wood thrush, American robin, bluebird and English sparrow.

Birds that eat grasshoppers and crickets are the mockingbird, thrasher, bluebird, wrens, shore lark, goldfinch, longspur, grasshopper sparrow, song sparrow, junco, lark sparrow, dickcissel, rose-breasted grosbeak, blue grosbeak, indigo bunting, cardinal, chewink, bobolink, cow bird, red-winged blackbird, meadow lark, Baltimore oriole, orchard oriole, rusty blackbird, crow, bluejay, kingbird, crow blackbird, whippoorwill, night hawk, swift, cuckoo, red-headed woodpecker, flicker, barn owl, great-horned owl, marsh hawk, sparrow hawk, gulls, Swainson's hawk, quail, shrikes, swallows, vireos, robin and catbird.

In the Massachusetts Crop Report for July, 1896, Mr. William R. Sessions gives a list of the birds he has seen feeding on the army worm during the present summer: Kingbird, phœbe, bobolink, cowbird, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole, crow blackbird, chipping sparrow, robin.

BREEDING BEAVER IN WASHINGTON.

IT will be remembered that about one and a half years ago Mr. Elwood Hofer brought on from the Yellowstone National Park a number of beaver for the National Zoological Park in Washington, which were afterward turned loose there in a pen especially provided for them. Through this inclosure a little stream of water runs and the beaver make themselves very much at home, building dams and houses and seeming to thrive there. The story of the capture of these beaver was written up by Mr. Hofer and published in FOREST AND STREAM not many months ago.

It is extremely gratifying to learn that these beaver bred this spring and that the young ones now are to be seen almost daily. This was anticipated, for at the time of the rut the beaver fought more or less and one of them subsequently died from injuries received in fighting.

For a long time Mr. W. H. Blackburne, the head keeper at the Park, has been on the watch for young beaver, but it was not until the latter part of July that any were seen. In fact Mr. Blackburne has been looking so long that he became pretty much discouraged and had almost given up the belief that he had held that the beaver had bred. However, one evening about 7 o'clock in the latter part of July, just as Mr. Blackburne was about to leave for home, he saw a small animal dart out into the stream from the bank and begin to swim around in a circle as fast as it could. At first Mr. Blackburne thought it a muskrat, which animals are very abundant about the dams, but two or three minutes later a second animal like the first darted out and both swam around as fast as they could, dashing along as if they did not know which way to go or what to do. After circling about for a moment they would slap the water with their little tails, dive down, come up, circle around again and then again slap the water and dive. This play they kept up for some time, in fact until it got quite dusky.

These little beaver are about half as large as a muskrat, and each little tail is slightly larger than a tablespoon. When they were first seen they did not attempt to leave the water. Now they are becoming quite tame and come with the old ones after their bread every evening about 7 o'clock.

Wolf and Coyote Habits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The $3 bounty which this State is paying for wolves and coyotes has thinned the ranks of these animals in the past two years and furnishes a lucrative business to a great many wolfers, some of them making $500 and $600 a season.

The old method of poisoning these animals has practically been abandoned, as they seem to avoid bait which has been strychnined, or—if they do occasionally eat it—the poison seems to have no effect on them. Now, the most successful way to capture them is to dig out their dens and knock the young in the head.

Conversing with some professional wolfers the other day, they informed me that while coyotes den up anywhere on the prairie, often five or more miles from water, the wolves never make their den more than 200 or 300yds. from it; that one den suffices the coyotes in which to rear their young, but that wolves move two and three times, digging new holes for their young.

The offal about the coyote dens consists solely of prairie dogs, ground squirrels and an occasional rabbit or bird. The wolves, however, feed their young on calves and colts, and the stench of the decaying meat is said to be the cause of their moving their dens. J. W. SCHULTZ.

KIPP, Montana.

Game Bag and Gun.

RAINBOW LAKE, ADIRONDACKS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—No man likes hunting for deer and fishing for trout more than I, and the pictures which I send you illustrate the place and home of the deer and where the speckled beauties can be caught—a place wherever you row and wherever you walk you are sure to meet streams, ponds and springs, some of the loveliest of scenery.

Rainbow Lake is situated midway between St. Regis and Loon lakes, in the heart of the Adirondacks. The place is best reached by way of Utica over the Adirondack & St. Lawrence R. R. (a branch of the New York Central R. R.). The proprietor of Rainbow Inn is James M. Wardner; a better hearted man in the Adirondacks cannot be found, an educated gentleman, an accomplished and enthusiastic fisherman and hunter, well acquainted with the habits of birds, insects and game in these woods for the past forty years, he having come to Rainbow in the year 1856.

In the earlier days Rainbow was a howling wilderness and then the panther, wolf and bear were plentiful. Mr. Wardner has hunted and killed many of them. And if one has an opportunity to go to Rainbow and go a-hunting or fishing with Mr. Wardner, he will find himself listening with wonder to this grand old gentleman's stories, founded on facts, of how he has hunted and fished. I have hunted and fished at Rainbow many times. I have been with all the guides there. They are all like their master, good-hearted fellows, well versed in the art of handling the gun and rod.

I recall to my memory an incident I can never forget. A few years ago, while hunting for deer up the stream called the Big Inlet, a lovely, still, moonlight night, my boat lying with my guide and myself within the shadows of some overhanging boughs, I beheld within a very short distance a lovely full-grown doe feeding among the lilypads, unconscious of any danger at hand, while her fawn on the bank close by was crying for its mother to return to its offspring. The fawn had evidently got the scent of us, while its mother had not. After a while the doe turned to its fawn and together they went back into the woods. It was a grand sight and it was one of those times in a hunter's life when nothing would induce him to draw up his rifle and shoot. I remember at the time my faithful guide saying, "Don't shoot." Such scenes are rare. No artist could do justice to that grand sight.

The waters around Rainbow are full of trout. I know of no better place to fish, and I have caught many trout there. I once caught a mess weighing all the way from ¼lb. to 1lb. each. It was one of my best fishing times. The place selected was the stream up by Pay Dam, beyond Rainbow River. I can see now those beauties jump for the flies I cast, and when my guide would place the net under the water to carefully land them, new life would come to them and they would dodge the net here and there with great vim. It was great sport.

I have just returned from a fishing trip to Rainbow. I caught a good many weighing ¼lb. each. I fished up Rainbow River and Lilypad Pond, and a friend, the same day, fishing up the Big Inlet, came in with a number weighing over 1lb. each. Mr. Wardner was so pleased with our day's catch that he too, thorough sportsman as he is, could not resist the temptation to go that very evening up the stream to try his luck. I left for home that evening, and so did not learn what he caught. My friends who are fond of the gun and rod (good fellows such men are), if you want to go somewhere to build up the tired and worn-out constitution, to better fit yourselves to take up anew your business pursuits, and you don't care how you rough it, then I tell you the place is Rainbow; a place where they will take good care of you, and a place where you will associate with good people. W. W. B.

MAINE DEER MULTITUDINOUS.

BREWER, Me., Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue Special says: "Thirty deer seen in one day at Big Spencer Lake were none too many for a guide to write me about. But he signed no name to his postal card except A Guide. Of course he wants me to believe the story and publish it." In the same issue Mr. Hough writes: "Mr. A. H. Weed, of Anderson, Md., is just back from a vacation trip in Maine, and says he saw more deer than he ever did. He saw over 100 in a day, and they were so tame that he often paddled up to within 25 to 75yds. of them as they stood near the shore."

A few years ago if I had been told that any one had seen thirty deer in one day I should have been as doubtful as Special seems to be, but now any one who thinks it anything strange to see as many around many of our lakes and streams is decidedly a "back number." I have not the least doubt that Mr. Weed told Mr. Hough the truth when he claimed that he saw over 100 in one day. Wednesday, July 8, I started to visit my old friend Louis Ketchum, who has a fine hunting camp at the head of Nahmakunta Lake, some twenty-eight miles from Norcross. While on the way up I met a guide of my acquaintance who told me that the week before he sat in his canoe and counted twenty-six deer in one place. Shortly after arriving at Ketchum's camp he came in with a party he had been guiding, Mr. Ignatius Sargent, wife and son, from Massachusetts. They had been up to Rainbow Lake photographing deer. Louis told me that at one time he counted twenty-three from his canoe.

Two days after, while fishing on Rainbow dead water, where there is little chance for deer to feed, we could see them on all sides, often six or eight being in sight at once. They were so tame that they paid no attention to our talking, and would allow us to go very near them. We saw one doe with a fawn and another with two. Two old bucks met while wading round a point of bushes, and as neither would yield the right of way, one raised his forefoot very handily and struck the other over the head, causing him to turn out.

Shortly after this I went with Louis overland to some ponds where he had another canoe. There was good feeding ground in this country, but as we went up with a strong wind, most of the deer left the water before we saw them, but when coming back I kept accurate count, and we saw thirty-four deer in not over two hours. At one time I saw sixteen. Six of them were all together. Many of them, which were feeding on points or grassy islands, took to the water and swam, and we paddled very near to some of them. We did not see a single doe with a fawn among these thirty-four, although probably many of them had fawns which they had left back in the woods. Fully three-fourths were does or yearlings.

Most people greatly overestimate the natural increase of deer. They usually reckon that, as a doe has two fawns, the stock of deer doubles annually. They do not take into the account the many barren does and the large number of fawns which are destroyed by animals. Besides bears, lynx and wildcats, fishers destroy many. It may seem incredible that an animal weighing but from 10 to 12lbs. can kill a fawn, but fishers not only kill fawns but full-grown deer. Louis told me of finding two full-grown deer at different times which had been killed by fishers. Even the common red fox sometimes kills fawns, I think that an increase of 50 per cent. is fully large enough to reckon on for the natural increase of unprotected deer.

During my short stay I saw over seventy deer, and my son, who went across the country by way of the Debakeneay ponds to climb Katahdin, saw over fifty in four days, and also saw two moose, one an old bull with large horns. I also saw numerous fresh signs of moose. People visiting this same country in the open season will see very few deer from a canoe, as they will then have left the vicinity of the water, but they will be abundant in the woods.

I think there is very little illegal killing done in this country this season. I heard of three cow moose which had been killed near Schoodic and Sebois lakes, and one or two of the offenders had been arrested before my return. But I did not hear of a moose being killed south of Katahdin, above Norcross, and did not hear a gun fired by anyone while in that country. All the guides I met spoke decidedly against killing moose in close time. One guide had a theory as to how to cause an increase of bull moose. He contends that as the bulls are growing scarce they should be protected for a term of years, but that people should be permitted to kill the cows and so allow the bulls to increase. His theory is certainly original.

M. HARDY.

NEW ZEALAND'S INTRODUCED GAME.

THE annual report of the Wellington, New Zealand, Acclimatization Society for the year 1896 is a pamphlet of very great interest, for it treats of the introduction into a country quite without game animals of species brought from the old world and the new.

Of these species the European red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) is easily the most important, and New Zealand has proved itself in all respects a most suitable home for deer, the climate being all that can be desired, and pasturage, water and shelter abundant. Starting with three individuals, the red deer have multiplied, thriven and increased in such a way that they now roam in hundreds over a considerable area of territory. The progenitors of this herd were introduced into the Province of Wellington in the year 1862, through the kindness of the late Prince Consort, who furnished six deer to be forwarded to New Zealand: three for the Province of Wellington and three for Canterbury. These deer were captured in Windsor Park and were kept there for a short time to prepare them for their sea voyage. One stag and two hinds were shipped to Wellington, where, on June 6, after a passage of 127 days, one stag and one hind arrived safely. Of the three deer shipped for Canterbury only one hind lived to be landed, and this one was sent to Wellington and kept there with the other two.

After some time these deer were conveyed to Mr. Carter's station on the Taratahi Plains, and early in 1863 were liberated there, and crossing Ruamahanga River began to range on the Maungaraki ranges. These mountains consist of limestone formation, and much of the soil has been sown with English grass, which is supposed in a measure to account for the extraordinary growth of the antlers developed by the deer in that locality. From this place deer have spread into various other valleys and seem to be working their way annually into sections where none have hitherto been found.

In New Zealand the red deer shed their antlers in September, which corresponds to our month of March, the new horns beginning to grow almost at once. The antlers harden toward the end of January and soon the velvet is rubbed off and the animal is in an incomplete condition. The rut is said to occur from March 20 to about April 14. Females breed the third year and each year thereafter.

Considerable difference of opinion exists in the Colony as to when stags ought to be shot. Of course, they are in their prime during the months of February and March, but the Council have thought it best to fix the date for the beginning of the killing of these stags not earlier than the latter part of the rutting season.

It is reported that the sambur deer (*Rusa aristotelis*) which have been introduced in the Carnarvon district are increasing, and it is suggested that steps be taken to introduce the roe, fallow and other varieties of deer in the Wellington district.

Birds.

Continued efforts to rear pheasants have been made during the past year, and Mr. Knowlton, of Greytown, has been the most successful of those attempting this. He has reared about forty fine birds, and altogether about sixty have been turned out as the result of the year's operations. Mr. R. Campbell Grant, of London, recently purchased for the Society two pairs of Elliott pheasants, which arrived in February, but one of the cocks died shortly before landing. The remaining birds are now in charge of Mr. Knowlton and are in excellent condition. A number of wild ducks, chiefly mallards, have been hatched during the year, and a preserve for English wild ducks has been set aside near Martinborough.

A shipment of Virginia quail from America had not arrived at the publication of this report.

The game protective act of 1895 provides for a close season for native pigeons during 1896 and every succeeding sixth year, and also repeals the clause in the act of 1890 which allows the sale of game by holders of shooting licenses. A number of additional game wardens have been appointed during the year, and a number of prosecutions instituted for breaches of the law. In most of these cases convictions were obtained and substantial fines inflicted. The Council find the work of protecting game difficult on account of the thoughtlessness and selfishness of many people.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., while in Chicago this week was good enough to give me an invitation to join in a sport which I imagine to be somewhat peculiar. "Come down to Nashville," said he, "and I will take you out for a day of convict chasing with the hounds."

"What is that?" I asked him, supposing that he probably meant trailing an escaped prisoner with bloodhounds. He explained that the chase was not exactly *bona fide*, although the hounds really chase an actual convict. It seems that there are forty or fifty hounds, not bloodhounds, but foxhounds, which are owned by the State and used at different points where the convict labor is employed. The main penitentiary is located at Nashville, and a number of convicts are engaged there now on one of the new buildings. It is desirable to train the dogs on human quarry, so that when they are actually used to trail an escaping prisoner their work may be more efficient. For a dollar or two it is easy to discover some healthy negro convict who would rather run ahead of the dogs than to work all day. He is given a couple of hours' start, and the dogs are then put on the trail. They never fail to put their man up a tree, and a man never fails to climb a tree when he sees them coming. Mr. Callender says he once saw a convict who had been a little slow, lazy, ahead of the dogs, get chased for nearly a quarter of a mile at hot speed across the gun club grounds to the nearest tree, which was not a very big one at that. The foxhounds would certainly pull down their man if he did not take to a tree. In this way the dogs are kept trained for the frequent use needful in the camps, where the convicts are continually jumping their guards and escaping into the swamps and thickets, where they could never be recovered by any other means. I am not quite clear that I would be used to this sort of hunting at first, though I recall that I was once called upon to help chase a horse thief, and have a vague recollection that we caught him.

Mr. Callender also asks me to share in another singular sport, that of shooting wild hogs, of which there are many not far from Nashville. These are the domestic hogs gone wild, but they make a rather dangerous game. Mr. Callender uses for them a .25-30 rifle with nitro load, which he has found very effective. He killed a number last spring.

I recall that there is a place in the Mississippi bottoms near Dubuque, Ia., where wild hogs are often hunted. That is an open country, where riding is possible, and the chase is on horseback after dogs. I do not know whether or not the spear could be used here, but I think it would be a lot of fun with the dogs and rifle. There are numbers of wild hogs in the swamps of the Mississippi Delta, and the veteran, Bob Bobo, always said that they were the most dangerous animal that ran in the canebrakes.

Mr. Ben Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., tells me a fairy story, which he, however, declares is not a fairy story, about a new sort of fish that they have in a lake called Birch Lake, in the Michigan southern peninsula. He says that they have the large and the small mouth bass, and also a red-eyed slimmish bass whose meat is red or salmon color. They call the latter the "salmon-bass." Is it possible that I am to take upon my string the salmon-bass as well as the fantail deer and pine nut bear?

Doves and Sangaree.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, has finally kept his promise of coming to Chicago, and has returned to his home. Dog owners of this city have not yet had time to check up their losses.

Mr. Divine says that the dove shooting around Memphis is phenomenal this year. "The way to do," said he, "is to find a wheat field where the birds are feeding. Then you find a nice shady tree where the breeze is good, and you sit there in a chair. You have your shell box open on one side of you, and on the other you have a nice big bucket of sangaree, not too strong and not too weak. Of course you have a fan. Then you have a little nigger boy to run out and pick up your dead birds for you. It doesn't take him long to learn to keep down low when the birds are coming in over him, and sometimes he will bring four or five birds in at once. This is the way we shoot doves in our country, and it is my notion of the way all shooting ought to be done."

This idea certainly should appeal to Chicago shooters during this torrid week.

The other day I discovered something which my informant told me I ought to have learned long ago in my camping experience. We were boiling a pot of coffee over an open fire, and of course the coffee boiled over, grounds and all. My companion laid two or three twigs across the foaming grounds on the top of the coffee pot, and the latter subsided and ceased to spill over. "Didn't you ever know that?" said he.

I have recently found that chiggers, chigres or jiggers are to be found in Northern woods as well as in the Southern country. I long ago discovered in the Indian nations that bacon rind was a speedy remedy for these invisible little red spiders that bore into the skin and raise bumps on a fellow.

It was Hungry.

Mr. J. S. Dumser, of Elgin, Ill., is an old-time contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, and wrote for the paper twenty years ago. During a pleasant call at this office this week Mr. Dumser, who is a member of the Leather-Stocking Club, who are sworn to moderation in fish stories, told me of a recent incident that happened on the Fox River. Two friends were fishing for bass, with soft crawfish for bait. One had a bite and the fish carried off his line, but he did not strike it, thinking it had dropped the bait. Some moments later the second man had a bite and hooked his fish. Pulling it out, it was discovered that the fish had the first angler's hook swallowed as well as that of the second man. It was evidently hungry and knew when it didn't have enough. This is further argument for the belief in the insensibility to pain possessed by fishes. The environment which makes it necessary to swallow perch and bullheads ought to be equal to a fish hook or two now and then. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Three-Barreled Hammerless.

WHY do not some gun manufacturers put on the market a hammerless three barreled gun, two barrels shot and the third rifle? No sportsman goes to the woods that he does not want the three barrels, also never a-duck-hunting that he doesn't need the three barrels. A. F. NIMS.

From a Shaky Perch.

PLACE: a railroad in the pine forest, 245 miles north of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Time: evening, October, '94. A deer trail leading from the railroad over a burnt ridge separating a cedar swamp from a marsh. Golden rod waist high covering the uneven ground.

The trail leads under the body and between the limbs of a small spruce, which at this point is about 6in. in diameter and about 5ft. from the ground, having been turned out of root and left resting on the larger branches. I clamber on to this unsteady trunk and, balancing myself, inspect the forest beyond. Presently I see a weed shake about 100yds. distant. All is quiet for some seconds, then more agitation among the weeds; something is moving—a deer probably. It is difficult to keep my position. One small limb near the upper part of the trunk suffices to steady me somewhat by placing one foot partially on it, and I watch the weeds intently.

There it is, a deer's head just showing above the golden rod. My! but this is a shaky perch to shoot a rifle from. Bang! goes my .38 Winchester, and out comes the deer jumping wildly toward me, then turning to the right, tries to recover the woods. My gun speaks again, but on flies the deer over logs and through hollows, making a very uncertain mark. A third shot at about an even 100yds. and I saw my ball strike amidships, and the beautiful creature lay dead in the edge of the cover it strove to reach. I saw it was a fawn not yet full grown, and naturally looked back over the weed patch to see if it had a mate. Yes, the weeds were shaking; up comes another head, followed by the report of my rifle. Here he comes! bounding off this time to the right of me, and causing me to twist my body into a rope, for I could not change the position of my feet without falling. My! what uneven ground; now above my gun, now below it and hidden in the weeds. Two misses that serve only to locate his danger and accelerate his speed, and then he comes out on open ground and shows his side in an effort to return to the swamp over the ridge. This is truly a race for life, and the issue is doubtful.

To the southwest lies his mate. My toes point to the northwest, while he is northeast of me. Just over the narrow ridge is cover and safety. But I see a spot just back of his shoulder as my rifle speaks again, and I found him some 50ft. beyond. My first shot went under the skin at the base of the jaw, while the second, fourth, fifth and sixth were misses. Seven shots for two deer; but considering the conditions it was one of my experiences I will long remember. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The Maine Capercailzie.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a note from our daily paper: "All efforts to trace the capercailzie and black game imported into Aroostook from Old Sweden last spring have proved in vain. Now and then some one spreads the rumor that they have been heard or seen. The last report is by a Swede who asserts that he saw and heard them in Ontario, Can. If they have gone to the pine forests of that section we will never see them again in Maine, says the New Sweden correspondent of the Aroostook *Republican*."

It is also reported that there is a herd of over 100 caribou on Mt. Katahdin, and several people visiting there have seen them all together. One man succeeded in getting a photograph of them, and then lost camera and plates by capsizing his canoe. CUSHNOC.

It Educates.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel as if I must write and tell you how much I appreciate your valuable paper. The FOREST AND STREAM is the most interesting paper I ever read, and I am always on hand Thursday at the Reading Railroad depot to get a copy every week. If all hunters pretending to be sportsmen would read its columns we would soon be rid of the game hogs that shoot and fish for quantities and not sport.

C. A. Y.

Game in Wayne County, Pa.

DYBERRY, Pa., Aug. 7.—Trout were scarce this spring on account of dry weather last fall and in May this year. We caught a small pailful (dressed) the last day of the season; water very low then and the fish wild and shy. It is too early to look for game yet; woodcock scarce; some broods of young partridges (ruffed grouse) reported; very few squirrels seen yet. G. M. D.

The Birds in Iowa.

BRIGHTON, Ia.—In this locality quail are abundant; more seen than for years before. Prairie chickens also are doing fine, and a great many are reported where they breed. Squirrels are found without number and rabbits are too numerous to mention. SINGLE SHOT.

Currituck Bay Birds.

WE know of a party going from New York to Currituck this week for bay bird shooting, in which there is room for another person; and we believe this to be an excellent opportunity for one who can take advantage of it.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in a Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

VIII.—Col. Charles H. Raymond.

THE only fishing companion of earliest boyhood with whom I have kept in touch throughout life, and who is living to-day, is the subject of this sketch. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in January, 1834, and is near my own age. He frequently visited me across the river, and we hunted turtles in the creeks from the red mill to Quackendary Hollow—pond turtles, snapping turtles and box turtles—and the point was to collect as many as possible and try to train them to race. We fished a little once in a while, but to Raymond it was too slow and lacked the excitement of grabbing turtles, and this was characteristic of his life throughout. As a fisherman pure and simple he would never have achieved fame. He lacked that quality of patience which is not strained, but droppeth like the gentle worm overboard when it is the last in the bait box. I cared little to fish with him because of this lack of patience. He was of the class who say, "Yes, I like to fish if they bite fast." But he was a born hunter, wing, rifle shot and "bird-dog" man, and took to setters as ducks go to a mill pond.

We would watch old John Chase lift his fyke nets in the creek and he would give us the turtles that he caught. We would stroll down the Greenbush bank, past old Fort Cralo, where I went to school, and watch the sturgeon jump in the river. Then a big one would jump every few minutes, now there are few, if any, in the Hudson. We went back of the nut orchard and drank the strong sulphur water from Harrowgate Spring, which we often talk of to-day. It is singular that we never went shooting together, perhaps because his ideas of sportsmanship were

COL. CHARLES H. RAYMOND.

higher than mine, and he could go to more distant and better places than I; but whatever the reason, we often talked of shooting, but never shot in company, yet I kept track of him and of his shooting trips in various parts of the country.

While still a small boy, too small to carry the smallest arms, he followed afield such sportsmen as the late Dr. Judson and his pupil Alexander Bullock, of West Sandlake, Rensselaer county, N. Y., in admiration of their skillful handling of the Doctor's slashing English setters, of which I heard much at that time. The masterful way in which those adepts in the art of wing shooting grassed the plump brown woodcock, which they flushed in front of their dogs in the rich coverts that lined the banks of the Wynantskill, taught him lessons in that "deliberate promptitude," so dear to Frank Forrester, that have never been forgotten. As he grew older he was permitted to accompany these sportsmen and shoot with them, and I heard a great deal of these trips after I became his school-mate at Prof. Anthony's, with the late Major George S. Dawson, the subject of sketch No. VI. of this series.

The first field dog that young Raymond owned was a setter bred by Doctor Judson, called Prince, a very good dog for a boy because he knew the ways of the birds, and, as I remember, had a way as well as a will of his own. His next, and a rare good one it grew to be, was a pointer from my Nell, who was described in the article on Port Tyler as a pointer whose father was a setter. She was stolen from me and recovered by my father after I left Albany, and he bred her to the famous old Pumpelly pointer of Albany and gave the choice of the litter to his nephew, young Raymond, who named him Don and trained him to a perfection that was rare in those days, took him to Michigan and shot over him to the surprise of the shooters there, who had never seen a field dog work on feathered game and had no experience of wing shooting. These things to hear I, like Desdemona, would seriously incline in after years and the fame of my Nell and her progeny seemed partly mine. Young Raymond gave Don to his friend Harry Palmer in 1856, and shot over him again two years later. After Mr. Palmer's death Don was sold at auction for $50, a very high price for a bird dog in Michigan at that time. I had given Nell such training as she had. My boyish knowledge of dog training must have been crude, although I did not suspect it at the time, for I had read Youatt, Frank Forrester and other authors, and had seen some bird dogs work, and thought, boy-like, that I knew it all; but Nell was not broken to suit the fastidious taste of Master Raymond. He bred her again to the Pumpelly pointer and one of the litter was a beautifully coated liver-colored setter, the first one in four litters that showed the blood of her sire, James Bleecker's well-known setter. This puppy, Fifine, Mr. Raymond gave to Monsieur Pierre Delpit, his fencing master, in 1859.

It was in Jackson county, Michigan, where Mr. Raymond and Don surprised the natives, and the woodcock and game of all kinds abounded there. Mr. R. learned to track the deer amid the oak openings, through the mossy swamps around Vineyard Lake and along the windings of Raisin River. Here the early lessons of old "Uncle Henry" Harris, the famous hunter of Lake George, who taught the boy to "shute rifil," found their academy of graduation, and thereafter, so long as eyes held their own, Charles could look with confidence along the sights of a rifle at moving game. We had drifted far apart until my return in 1860 from a six years' tramp, and we no more lured the sunfish from the creeks, nor held disputes over the species, age or other things appertaining to turtles and tortoises. We left the frogs to be stoned by younger boys and contented ourselves with reminiscences of our mighty deeds, the only difference of opinion, then and to-day, being the question which of us it was that attempted to jump a stream and changed his mind when halfway across and stuck in the mud. I still believe it was Charles.

In the meantime he had undertaken long journeyings abroad, and save a chamois hunt in Switzerland, with its climbing, sliding, crevass leaping and glacier scrambling, there was no shooting for two years. After wandering through Germany and Italy, living on foot for months along the valleys and on the mountains of Switzerland, he went back to France and made his home in the Latin Quarter of Paris, along about in Trilby's time; and if he failed to meet Little Billee I know by what he has told me that he must have been on friendly terms with Zoo Zou and the Laird, for he knew all the pretty songs mentioned, or hinted at, in Mr. Du Maurier's truthful recital of life "in the Quarter," and from conversation with him within the year I gained the impression that he even knows the fourth and expurgated verse of *Au clair de la lune*. Be that as it may, he returned to his native land with the ripened experience of a man of the world and a mind well stored not only with the literature of various countries, but enriched by that contact with the people of those lands which only travel afoot can give.

After his return the Insurance Department of the State of New York was being organized by the Hon. William Barnes, superintendent. Mr. Raymond was appointed to a clerkship in that office, from which he rose to succeed the Hon. James W. Husted as deputy superintendent of the department. While thus engaged he became a member of the Albany Zouave Cadets, a fine body of citizen soldiers which was afterward merged into the Tenth Regiment New York State National Guard, as Company A. Then came the war, when men left the farm, the store and the workshop to hasten to preserve the Union. The Tenth Regiment volunteered, was recruited to the full standard and mustered into the U. S. service as the 177th N. Y. Volunteers, and on its rolls was "Charles H. Raymond, First Lieutenant, Company A." The regiment was assigned to the Department of the Gulf, under General N. P. Banks. Just before the siege of Port Hudson he was appointed Aid-de-Camp on the staff of General F. S. Nickerson and later was made Assistant Adjutant-General on the brigade staff.

All through that weary siege, lying in the trenches in a swampy country which filled the hospitals with miasmatic patients, Col. Raymond was at his post of duty, even when, as his comrade, Col. David A. Teller, told me last month, he had been positively ordered to the hospital, and in the first assault on the works, May 27, 1863, was again at his post, although hardly able to stand. Looking over one of his war time letters this sentence is found: "This campaigning with field men and field guns, but without field dogs; *Inter arma silent canes*, which being interpreted means that when men go afield to shoot each other, pointers are no longer to the point, and setters get a set-back. These are not the dogs of war."

While in the field Col. Raymond could not entirely sink the sportsman in the soldier, for in writing me of the second assault on Port Hudson he said: "You cannot think how sad and strange sounded the whistling of the quail in the fields over which our brigade charged on that fateful June 14, and how that weird whistle seemed to exult over men who with empty guns were rushing forward to glory and the grave." A little more than a year ago he again visited that battlefield; again heard the whistling of the merry Bob Whites, descendants of those birds of 1863, and received from the proprietor of the plantation, the son of the owner at the time of the battle, a cordial invitation to come down when the season opened and shoot in peace over the field where his men had shot in war some thirty years before. Verily, the whirligig of time brings wondrous changes, as well as revenges!

With the return of peace the colonel went back to his former position in the Insurance Department of the State, and to the dogs. He bred a good and serviceable line of setters from the native strains of Mr. Truax, of Albany, N. Y., and of Gen. William J. Sewell, of Cape May; Col. E. M. Quimby, of Morristown, and Mr. Theodore Morford, of Newton, all in the sporting State of New Jersey. With these dogs he established the kennels of Fox Farm, near Morristown, N. J.

In the early '70s Mr. Raymond entered into partnership with Mr. John A. Little, the General Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company for New York City. Later on, when Mr. Little retired from business, Mr. R. assumed sole charge of the Mutual Life's Metropolitan Agency, which includes Long Island and Staten Island, a position which he retains to-day. In 1890 he was elected to the presidency of the National Association of Life Underwriters, and few men are wider known or have more warm personal friends than the genial and cultured gentleman who is the subject of this sketch, of whom a writer once said: "The fine and distinctive personality of Mr. Raymond is what makes him what he is. We might sweep away all business details, and all that men know and value in him would remain ineradicably stamped upon the memory and embalmed in the affections of those who call him friend. A joyous temperament, luminous intellect, almost inerrant sagacity, forceful initiative, womanly tenderness, brilliancy, wit, cour-

age and generosity were blended in the alembic from which his nature was evolved. Learned in the literature of books and in the lore of field sports and the natural kingdom; a poet, a sportsman, a soldier and a mathematician; suggestive, inventive, steadfast and true, such is the man as he is known to the editor of this journal and to those who know him better." As the editor of the *Insurance Times* has described Col. Raymond so much better than I could, and in fewer words, I am content to quote him and not to attempt to improve on his concise and truthful description.

In 1874 Mr. Edward Laverack, of Shropshire, England, offered for sale two of his most famous setters, Pride of the Border and Fairy. These were sought for by several sportsmen both here and abroad, and after some correspondence their breeder decided to sell them to Col. Raymond, who at once arranged for their importation and transportation to Fox Farm. This was the first pair of that renowned and highly bred strain of setters sent from Mr. Laverack's kennels to America, and their presence in this country excited much attention among sportsmen and in the sportsmen's press, both here and abroad, in England and on the continent. Fairy was a great beauty and a natural fielder, staunch on the point and at backing, with great pace, fine nose and grand staying qualities. Pride of the Border at first seemed puzzled at both the scent and the habits of our quail and ruffed grouse, but after a short experience on both he showed extraordinary intelligence and brain power in working on his birds and was a most admirable and satisfactory field dog, working on game as closely and knowingly as a man could do if he had a dog's form and faculties. Neither of these Laverack setters retrieved game, but they made a rattling brace on a snipe meadow, backing on sight at any distance, absolutely staunch on point and dropping in good old-fashioned style to wing or shot. They still live in loving memory of many human hearts, and their strain, crossed with the Morford stock, is still carefully bred; its inherited physical and mental qualities and capabilities, the resultants of generations of selection, training and association, making these canines as thorough workers in the field as they are affectionate and intelligent friends and companions at home. They are so human that it is often said of them, "They think themselves folks," and the best in the house, be it window-seat, lounge or hearth rug, is never too good in their own way of taking it for these two comprehensive and comprehending members of the family. Nevertheless, unlike Squire Kaynes, famous pointer Lee, of Sussex county, N. J., these setters can't catch fish with hook and line, and if they have occupied much space in this narrative it is because they deserve it. No sketch of Col. Raymond would be complete without an extended notice of this importation of some of the best blooded setters of England and of their having been bred to some of the native stock, for which American lovers of high-class setters will ever be under obligations to Col. Charles H. Raymond.

During the period that the Fox Farm Kennels were in existence it was my fortune to be a guest of the proprietor and to talk bird dog as well as turtles with him, while picking the wing of a partridge at his table. I have long since forgiven him for saying that Nell was imperfectly broken and would not "back a point." Of course she would not back, because she never hunted with another dog until he had her. How could she? That is not just what troubled me. There was an insinuation that at eighteen years old I could not train a bird dog to perfection. That thing tasted sour forty years ago, but to-day it looks as if my cousin Charles may have been right.

It is many years since I have cared to shoot anything except ducks, which come to hand dead. I have grown tender-hearted and say, with Iago, "Though in the trade of war I have slain men," yet I have cried over a doe whose fore-shoulders I had broken, and refused to shoot more when my retriever brought a live quail to be killed by hand. Therefore fishing came to be the more enjoyable sport, because there was no regret when the lower form of life was taken, no keen suffering because of a lower nervous system, but there is always a latent interest in any kind of sport in which a man has once engaged. To prove this it is only necessary to point to the fact that Col. Raymond still has a faint liking for fishing. Not for the kind which we had in boyhood, for it is possible that a pond full of painted and spotted tortoises, or a pool full of frogs with an assortment of stones at hand, would hardly be attractive to him to-day. He is *blasé* on turtles, frogs and sunfish, and needs more exciting game and a broader field. He fishes occasionally, incidentally, as it were, when nothing better offers in the way of sport. Every June he visits, as a guest, Camp Albany on the Restigouche River, and there he occasionally casts for, and even occasionally lands, a fine salmon; but I fancy he does this in a perfunctory way, because there is nothing else to be done. How I would like to stand on the bank and criticise his fly-casting, and thereby get revenge for his remarks on the training of Nell!

The owners of Camp Albany are Messrs. Dudley Olcutt and Abram Lansing, of Albany, N. Y., two skilled and accomplished salmon anglers, learned in all the intricate lore of that grand art; but it can hardly be possible that Col. Raymond, lacking as he is in that virtue of patience which alone bears good results to the angler, can profit by their precepts and example, yet he occasionally sends a fine salmon to a friend, and as Col. Olcutt and Mr. Lansing both say that he actually catches them, I am certain that he does; and the fact that there are no bullet holes in them proves that his Jock-Scott, silver-doctor, or other combination of hair, fur, feathers and steel can be cast by my friend with occasional effect.

Later, in November, and on the ducking shore it is different. Then the gallant colonel is himself again, and no doubt returns the compliment to his friends of Camp Albany, and sets them a pace which may worry them to follow. Shooting from a blind, over decoys, that truly presidential sport, the great delight of the sportsman of or past middle age, when the long tramp over hill and through marsh after pointer or setter seems now to require more exertion than it did in youth, has a fascination for Mr. Raymond, and a better appointed shooting box than his at San Domingo, on the Gunpowder River, I fancy would be hard to find, and few indeed are the places where better sport has been found. But duck shooting, like all other earthly joys, must have its day and fade away. Each year the ducks are fewer and their flights further between, so that ere many more years in their turn shall have flown the canvasbacks and redheads will have gone to join the once countless flocks of passenger pigeons and the innumerable caravans of the bisons, "and the places that knew them," throughout our broad land, from Alaska to Florida, "shall know them no more, forever."

FRED MATHER.

THE McCLOUD RIVER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The principal river of California, the Sacramento, drains a vast scope of country with varied and wonderful resources. The main tributaries of the Sacramento have their sources in the northern and eastern parts of the State, and are fed by the melting snow in the Sierras. Among these tributaries are the McCloud, the Pit, the Feather and the American rivers.

Besides the rivers mentioned there are numerous fine streams that flow from the crystal springs of the Sierras, many of which would be designated and dignified by the name of rivers in most States. In California there are streams from 50 to 100 miles in length known by such names as Clear Creek, North Cow Creek, Old Cow Creek, South Cow Creek, Battle Creek, Deer Creek, Bear Creek and many others less romantic. However the white man may outrank the Indian, even the Digger tribes of California, in the refinements of civilization, he is not noted for his taste in naming the streams and other natural provisions in this State. I shall refer to at least one specific instance in this paper.

Of the streams mentioned all of them are notorious for their trout, either their entire length or in their upper waters. Aside from trout, however, and the periodical run of salmon the fine streams of the State and the Pacific coast are notably scantily supplied with food fishes. The Sacramento, adapted as it is to most all kinds of freshwater fish, had but the trout, a kind of riffle pike, the sturgeon and the sucker. The alleged propagators of food fishes, the Fish Commissioners, took the matter in hand some years ago. They supplied the stream with carp and catfish, and wherever they got such worthless and prolific varieties is one of the problems no one seems able to solve. At present the main Sacramento is swarming with carp and catfish. They are taken by boatloads and fed to hogs and used as fertilizers. Neither of them are game fish or fit for the table except as a last resort in city restaurants. In the winter, when the river overflows into sloughs and ponds, these fish go out to browse in the fields along the river, and it is a fact that they are eating up the grass and starving out the wild ducks and geese.

The carp and catfish have not as yet reached Mount Shasta and the higher Sierras to browse on the mountain sides and starve out sheep, cattle and deer; but they are getting up well into the cañons and cold water, and it is believed they are destroying the trout and salmon spawn. I was told recently that black bass have been planted in the river and that they will destroy the carp. It is my opinion that the bass have been given a huge contract, and that they will have to be constantly reinforced. Even then I think I would bet on the carp surviving the bass.

I intended to devote this paper to the northern tributaries of the Sacramento, notably those that are now designated as the Sacramento, McCloud and Pit rivers. The three streams were in our early maps called the East, Middle and West forks of the Sacramento. Now the West Fork is known as the Sacramento proper, the Middle Fork the McCloud, and the East Branch the Pit. The McCloud and the Pit join about twenty miles from the Sacramento, and the two combined make much the larger stream.

Following their windings, the three streams above their confluence are each nearly 100 miles in length, flow chiefly through broken and mountainous country, and are splendidly adapted to and are well supplied with trout, salmon trout and (in season) with salmon. Of the trout there are several kinds and every size ranging under 5-pounders.

The Sacramento or West Fork is most accessible, the California & Oregon Railroad having numerous stations along its course. The upper waters of the McCloud and Pit are reached by wagon road, the easiest route being twenty miles from Redding. Probably the fishing is best in the McCloud, as it receives the least attention. This stream was named by the Indians Winnemim (Clear Water), and that is, in the opinion of those least dull or prosaic, the most significant, graceful and appropriate name. Ross McCloud was an early mountaineer, and doubtless worthy of remembrance; but why, after usurping their territory, should we not permit a few Indian names to survive, especially when as applicable and beautiful as Winnemim?

About twenty-five years ago, or in 1871, the Government established a trout hatchery on the Winnemim (or St. Cloud), and later a salmon hatchery. Some years ago the trout hatchery was abandoned, having fulfilled its mission, and the State having gone into the business on the Sacramento. Now only salmon eggs are taken on the Winnemim.

I visited this hatchery or, as it is commonly called, the fishery—or Baird—the latter being the post office name, about the middle of July. The fishery is located in the cañon of the river, surrounded by rugged mountain scenery. The station consists of a store, boardinghouse, the hatching houses and the residence of the superintendent, Mr. Livingston Stone. Mr. Stone has been in charge for many years. The store is supplied with the necessaries of life, among them being fishing tackle adapted to the stream. The boardinghouse is ample for the accommodation of guests and is at present in charge of Mrs. Derby, who thoroughly understands the science of fixing up trout and salmon for her table.

The salmon reach the fishery early in the spring, while the water is yet running high, and they keep coming up throughout the summer. About the first of July the crib dam is put in the river. This dam extends entirely across the river and is made of slats with interstices 1¼in. These slats are made in sections about 8ft. wide, so that they can be removed during high water. About the middle of the stream a trap, also made of slats 1¼in. square, is placed. This trap is about 16ft. square and is let down into the water 12 or 16in. In its lower side there is a A-shaped trap door through which the salmon enter going up stream, and then they find themselves caged.

When the writer was there only a few fish were being taken, for table use, as the eggs were not yet mature for hatching purposes. When the trap was left open salmon were constantly crowding into it and the fishery people, after selecting those they wanted, put the others back into the river. Their manner of doing this is open to criticism.

The trap often contained forty or fifty fish, ranging in weight from those of 2 or 3lbs. to those of 40 or 50lbs. weight. The male fish were taken to supply the fishery or an occasional visitor, and the females were scooped up in a hand net, like a landing net, and thrown over the dam. The immense fish floundered and struggled, often bruising and mangling themselves in their struggles in the trap and when taken up in the nets. They were frequently tumbled out over the dam to fall upon rocks, and otherwise roughly used. It would seem to be a simple matter to release them from the trap in some easier and more humane manner.

The salmon, however, are perhaps handled as considerately as they handle themselves. They are constantly jumping and floundering about in the stream upon rocky riffles and other obstructions. They leap over the dam occasionally, and to do this they must rise about 6ft. and flounder over the planks and cribs 6 or 8ft. more. Even as early as this in the season many were bruised, torn and cut, and now and then could be seen a dead one.

When these wonderful fish reach the head tributaries of the Sacramento they are 300 to 400 miles from their home, the ocean. They have had to pass the muddy waters of the lower Sacramento, dodge the many seines there, climb for many miles up rocky cañons, where the waters are white with spray and foam, with their incessant thunder upon the great broken fragments of mountains, huge boulders, and sharp and jagged ledges of quartz and slate. No wonder some of them are bruised and cut.

The foreman of the fishery informed me that it is the belief there that very few if any of the salmon return to the sea. He said they could judge very, nearly by the fact that of the thousands known to be above the dam few of them came down stream alive. Late in the summer the river is lined with the dead fish, and the few that come down stream again seem to be exhausted and dying. If it is true that the salmon do not return to the sea, then they must spawn but once, and that function is the fulfilment of their mission and the climax of their lives.

At the fishery they begin to take the eggs or spawn early in August. When this is done in conjunction with the trap in the dam, a large seine is used. The seine is drawn immediately below the dam, and most of the spawning fish are secured by that means. A number of native Indians are employed in the taking and handling of the fish.

A large proportion of the spawn taken is sent abroad to other States, and some to foreign countries. The State hatchery takes many of the eggs from this one. Last season the product of the hatchery was 600,000 young salmon. The foreman stated that the eggs were hatched in the hatching houses and kept until the water became too warm to keep them longer. They were then liberated in the river.

It seemed to me that there should be facilities here to regulate the water and keep it at the proper temperature as long as desired. It would also seem that 600,000 young fish was a comparatively small number for a season's product. Indeed, Uncle Sam does not evidently bestow the attention and support here that so important an establishment should receive.

The McCloud, or Winnemim, is doubtless one of the favorite streams of the salmon, and it is one of the few on the Pacific Coast that are likely to remain unmolested, unobstructed and unpolluted. It seems in every natural advantage peculiarly adapted to the propagation of this valuable fish, and, upon the principle that what is worth doing is worth doing well, it would seem that such an establishment conducted by this Government should incubate many times 600,000 salmon eggs.

After the middle of July the Winnemim trout do not rise often to the fly. Earlier the fly-fishing is good. I tried for a couple of hours without a nibble. Then an Indian came along and showed me how to fish to catch some. He had some salted salmon roe for bait, an ordinary small hook and sinker was used, and the hook let to the bottom in the eddies and deep holes. When hooked the trout were game enough, and I got several from 1 to 2lbs., and numerous smaller ones. A young salmon was caught by one of the party on a fly.

Probably there is no finer stream on the coast than this one. While we caught all the trout we had use for in the few hours we fished, we could have enjoyed many days in the locality and along the river, but our time was limited. A few days before our visit the foreman at the fishery, Mr. Seymour Bass, took a trout on a fly-rod which weighed 4lbs. 15oz.

RANSACKER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Another Big Bass.

THE note concerning the capture of a small-mouth black bass from Lake George weighing 7½lbs. had scarcely been written when I was informed of the capture of another big bass of the same species from the same lake. Mr. Edward P. Moore, a market man, tells me that a bass was brought to his market in Lake George to be weighed on the evening of Aug. 10. He weighed the fish himself and the weight was 7lbs. 2oz. When first taken from the water the fish weighed 2oz. more, or 7¼lbs., and it was taken to the market to have the weight confirmed.

So long as any living man can remember no black bass of more than 6½lbs., or thereabouts, in weight has been taken from this lake until this season, when two bass of over 7lbs. each were taken only a few days apart. It may be said that such big fish have always been there, but no one has been fortunate enough to catch them previous to this season. On the other hand, is it not fully as reasonable to say that the greater weight comes from the introduced food?

Lake George contained no crayfish until they were introduced by the State as bass food, and now the lake is well stocked with this crustacean. The introduction of the big lake whitefish which now swarms the lake with the native "frost fish," and are not caught except as bait for lake trout, has doubtless added greatly to the food supply of the so-called game fishes.

Black bass from Lake George, when introduced into other waters where food abounds in unlimited quantities, have grown to 10lbs. in weight, so the food supply must exert an influence upon the fish in the lake which must

not be overlooked when accounting for the great size of the bass in these latter days.

Ouananiche of Lake Champlain.

Since my last note was written about the ouananiche of Lake Champlain an examination was made of one of the streams in Essex county where the fingerling fish have been planted for two years past, and the result is most encouraging. Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, who has taken an active interest in the efforts to stock the lake with ouananiche, tells me that, in order to find out positively how the fingerlings were doing that were planted last October in one of the streams near where he lives, a minnow net was dipped in a pool below a fall, and at one dip twenty young ouananiche were taken and returned at once to the water. There was no opportunity for protracted examination, as the fish had to go back before they suffered injury; but they appeared to be from 4 or 5in. long to ½lb. in weight. The net was dipped but once, and that was sufficient to show a fine lot of vigorous, growing young ouananiche, extremely lively and very handsome. The unusual growth must be attributed to an abundance of food, the State having added to the natural supply by planting a large number of fresh-water shrimp in the stream.

Marston's-Fancy.

The more I use the artificial fly called the Marston's-fancy the more it suits my fancy, because it seems to suit the fancy of the fish that I seek with it. I began to use it about eight years ago, as near as I can now recollect, and my faith in it has been growing as the years pass by. The first specimens were sent to me by Mr. Marston and I soon discovered their killing qualities, and in this I was not alone, for friends who tried the flies found them successful trout lures. I tried the flies recently in the Adirondacks upon trout that I am positive never saw their like before, and I found them as killing as I have found them elsewhere.

I was acting as chaperon for my friend, Col. Ashley W. Cole, who was to represent Gov. Morton at the ceremony at John Brown's Farm when the property was turned over to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and he would persist in asking certain questions at inopportune moments. For instance, he wished to know why I had a rod case as part of my baggage and what use I expected to make of the rods it contained. As we were a party of about thirty people, the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, a special legislative committee, with the sergeant-at-arms and other Assembly officials, the Excise Commissioner of the State, who was to deliver the oration at John Brown's grave; Gen. Merritt, who was to preside at the ceremony, and ten guides, and as we were hurrying through the lakes and over the carries from early morning until well into the evening to reach the Brown Farm at a fixed time, the fish rods did seem to be unnecessary for the purpose of catching fish. At Loon Lake we had a little breathing time one day while the Assembly committee was taking testimony in regard to forest lands, and the colonel again asked if the rods were for ornament or for use, and if they had ever been used to take trout. It was quite evident that he would have to try the trout if I was to preserve my reputation as a first-class chaperon to a private secretary. About three miles from the Loon Lake Hotel there is a small trout pond made by throwing a dam across a trout brook, and Mr. Chase provided a carriage to take us to the pond. We started at 4:40 and were back at the hotel at 8:30 with trout enough for the whole party for breakfast. We took a man with us from the hotel, Charles Stickney, to paddle the boat, as the Colonel and I both wished to fish. When I saw the boat I wished that I had left my watch in my room at the hotel, for after a watch has been to the bottom of a pond in its owner's pocket it is not reliable as a time-keeper.

The boat may have been built for three originally, but a great many cold winters and hot summers have not improved its carrying capacity, and it leaked badly, but it was that or nothing. As I was putting a fly on my leader the Colonel wished to know what kind of a fly it was, and I told him a Marston's-fancy. Then he said very flatly that that was what he wanted, as he did not propose to have me take any advantage of him in the matter of flies. He was provided with the desired fly for a stretcher, and very carefully we got into the boat. By virtue of my weight I was in the middle, seated very near the bottom on a piece of fence board, and the Colonel was in one end on what looked like a discarded scrubbing board or the tread of a dog churn. He and the guide were several inches higher than I was, so when the water came in through the leaky boat it would strike me first. When we had made a few casts we forgot all about the boat, for there were plenty of trout in the pond and they rose readily to our flies. We each had three flies on the leader, and almost without exception the trout would take the Marston-fancy first. Several times we caught two trout at a cast, and once Col. Cole hooked and landed three trout at once, one on each of his flies, but we noticed that in case of doubles it was the Marston-fancy that took the first trout. The guide became interested in the killing qualities of the fly and said he had never seen a fly in the Adirondacks that was such a prime favorite with the trout when they had the opportunity to take other flies, which to the human eye looked just as good. Once the Colonel in his ardor of landing trout by the brace turned the boat to the northeast, when it should have been turned to the southwest, and the water came over the gunwale in a small flood. At least he said it was but a little water; as it came above my seat and I was sitting in it, I did not fully agree with his measure of quantity. Except for going ashore three times to turn the water out of the boat it served us well, and I should not perhaps have written disparagingly of it at the outset. We returned to the water a number of trout too small to keep, and told the guide when he thought we had enough for breakfast for our party we would cease fishing, but he did not keep any count of the fish, and finally we guessed we had forty and that would be sufficient. A count developed forty-five fair trout, from 7 to 10in. long. We could have made the number 100 or even more if we had continued to cast our flies, for the trout were rising as eagerly when we left the pond as when we arrived. That night when the Colonel came in and sat on the edge of my bed, as I was going to sleep, he asked no questions about what I brought the rod case for, nor did he mention the rods the next morning before I was fairly awake, and thereafter his questions related to other matters than fishing except when he alluded to fishing in a respectful manner, as becoming a young man when addressing his chaperon.

Fly-Fishing at Night.

It is quite possible that I was over cautious when I hesitated about admitting that I had fished for trout with the fly at night, in the face of the admonition that it was not ethical angling. I have just read a note written by "Halcyon," a well-known Scotch angler and writer who is acknowledged to be way up in G in the ethics of angling, and I begin to feel that I am not a very great offender after all. He says: "I have often been asked in the Leeds *Mercury* how fish can distinguish the different colors in the dark. That I cannot say, but the fact remains that they can, for I have invariably found that the brown and red take the best. The angler ought to be thoroughly well acquainted with the river that he is fishing on before he ventures to wade in the dark. The best place is to select a long, level flat, about 18in. deep, and stick to it. Such a piece of water, say 100yds. in length, is ample for a night's fishing, for if the angler wades carefully he can fish it over and over again without disturbing the fish. There is a kind of fascination about night fishing which must be experienced before it can be realized. Not a sound can be heard except the hoot of an owl or the croak of a nightjar. Suddenly you feel a tug at your line, and the next moment the splash of a trout breaks the silence and so on through the night, until the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the eastern sky, and the birds begin to carol their morning song, and then you count your spoil and wend your homeward way."

Who knows but fly-fishing at night is the poetry of fishing? Certainly Halcyon is inclined to be poetical in describing it, and he tells of a friend whom he invited to fish with him one night, and who became absolutely frightened at the solemn weirdness and stillness of night fishing, and begged to go home.

The most famous trout stream in this State boasted of a fishing club whose members were expert fly-fishers—none better in the land, none more scrupulous about the ethics of fishing, and yet all their fishing, done from their club house after the middle of July, was done at night. That is another admission, and I expect gradually I will make a full confession and admit that I am fond of night fishing, and that it requires a peculiar skill to be successful at it.

One word about the color of flies. When Owen told me the trout in Chapel Pond would take nothing but a white miller at night I was skeptical, for I have heard the same statement on previous occasions when it was not so. It seems to be generally understood that a trout must have a white fly presented at night if one is to be successful in night fishing. While a light-colored fly is perhaps desirable, I have known trout to take a black fly at night—a fly as black as any made.

As a rule flies that are good during the day will serve the purpose at night on the same water the same season.

Lobsters.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State has finished its lobster work for this year, and as a result 4,414,000 have been hatched and planted in the waters of Richmond, Queens, Suffolk and Westchester counties.

A. N. CHENEY.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 89.]

THE next morning we were delighted to find a southwest wind prevailing and the lake in an excellent condition for the angle, the ripples being just right for casting.

I was satisfied that Ned's success with his red-headed "dusting brush" was more the result of the bushment of his new creation than aught else. It had been quite warm for the past month and the trout during that time had grown somewhat indolent, and it required, I thought, a good-sized morsel to bring them to the surface. I therefore concluded that I would add an extra red feather or two to my red-ibis, as well as puff out the body a little. While engaged at this addition before breakfast, Ned came along and inquired what I was doing with my fly.

"Repairing a broken wing," I answered, in equivocation.

"It seems to me that you are struck on my color."

"Red is a favorite color in fly making."

"Admitted, but don't try to imitate the fly you have so long been cynically snarling at."

"Whenever I desire to copy your wonderfully created gob of scarlet it will be when I am disposed to make a retrograde step in the gentle art."

"Still you are striving by degrees to approximate it. You have already increased the body of your red-ibis and then shingled it with some extra red feathers. Another addition and it will really be a 'dusting brush.'"

Ned's sharp eyes had taken in the annexes I had made, and was fully satisfied that I was trying to grow a red-headed devil myself. Not wishing to have it that way, I made bold denial of it, stating that I had used nothing but feathers, with a little red silk in the enlargement of the body.

"It is an infringement, anyhow, and under the patent laws of Uncle Sam you would be found guilty."

With this he smilingly stalked away and inquired of the boatmen as to the near approach of breakfast. The boys announced it about ready to serve, and then we prepared for the table.

We were both anxious that morning to be afloat delivering our flies, and it was but a short time before we were on the water and seeking an angler's rapture. We went about a mile before we attempted to cast a fly. Ned proposed, when we had reached a favorite spot overlooked by a large and projecting cone of rock, that I mount it with Jo as netter and try for a trout, while he took the boat and Kenosh and skirted along the shore just above it. It was just what I desired, and when I stepped from the craft with Jo and got in position on a little rocky parapet, he says, "We git 'em here."

The first cast brought no response, but the second brought a terrible snapper of the crimson stars that rapidly ran into deep water with my red-ibis. Being confident that he was well hooked, I let the silver spool sing till it reached its pianissimo notes; then I stopped the music and played the tune backward. My notes were not at all agreeable to him, so he started in again for his own melody. I humored him awhile, and then I made him take back tracks toward his foeman of the wizard wand. At last, depressed, broken-hearted and exhausted, he surrendered and was taken to another element, where he had the smiling earth and the roseate sky for his imperial shroud.

Again go out the feathery ambassadors, and again on the second cast a trout followed the dancing flies, but no attempt to devour was made. Jo said I should have halted the flies, but I thought otherwise, for a trout will take no quiet lure. Once more the counterfeits circle and kiss the water, and then an electric gleam of shining jewels greets my vision, while a terrible tumult of the waters fell upon my tympanum; but no trout went racing away with the red object he sought when I tried the sudden twitch of the wrist as a retainer. Disappointed, I immediately lift my flies from the racing ripples, and again drop them with snowflake lightness at the same place from whence the response came. Like an enraged tiger in a jungle sprang a *fontinalis* upon the red-ibis, and this time there was music in the air "as sweet as Apollo's lyre," with a speeding *fontinalis* seeking his liberty and an angler in deep delight. He was a wary warrior and gave me a battle that was long in doubt; but, wearying of his frantic leaps and dashes, in sheer desperation I refused him further line from the rod.

> "And then it bends from tip to butt,
> While through the pool the ripples cut,
> And close and closer yet is shut;
> Then upward flies,
> As, drawn from his pebbly hold,
> Brightly against the forest mold,
> Vermilion, silver, black and gold,
> The brook trout lies."

Ned, at the termination of this strife, appears with the boat minus a fin, and proposes a trip to Blind River, a mile or two above. I at once acquiesced, and then with my tawny netter clamber over the smooth and weatherbeaten rocks and into the boat, and away for the sparkling river with a blind name, where spangled trout like Indian shafts have flashed. This was one of our old haunts, "where o'er white gravel and the sand the rushing waters foam and glide," and

> "Where oft the angler with his fly
> Takes the tinted rovers where they lie."

As we progress along the wooded and rocky shores the ragged spurs and retreating ravines stand out to the eye with wonderful distinctness, and the play of sunshine and shade upon the igneous cliffs and trap rock and varied foliage is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

We arrive at last at a sandy beach, which lies each side of the stream we seek, and then wonder if the water at the mouth of it will permit our entering with the boat. If not, our trip has been fruitless, for it can only be fished from a boat with any degree of comfort. Landing at the mouth, the boatmen jump ashore, and taking a view of the sinuous channel along its glistening bank ascertain that we can just about get into the river. Again we are afloat, and on using the oars for pushing the boatmen soon have us over the shallows. The pool is but a short distance from the mouth, and the west side of it discloses a sunny stretch, with a few bushes on the margin and one solitary tree which is just opposite the desired waters. Carefully we approach it, and when we are within casting distance Ned, who is in the bow, sends his fiery messenger whizzing through the air, while I, with a longer line, being in the stern, follow suit; but when making my second cast with a still longer thread I fasten to the tree behind me, and then I am set upon by both Ned and the boatman for my awkwardness.

"I cut 'em down next time," says Kenosh with anything but a pleasant smile.

"Release my flies," I replied, in no great good humor, and then the boat neared the shore and the flies freed from the branches.

"Shorten line next time," says the half-breed.

"Push the boat up then and give me a fair field with that red devil."

"All right."

"Well, don't shove too far," says Ned, a little irritated.

Once more we are at the pool, and the "dusting brush" secures the first trout and on the first fall of the flies.

While Ned was playing his captive I motioned to Kenosh to move a little closer, and then I hung one, but he ran into some snags at the bottom and made my line fast, and there it had to remain till Ned had skillfully slaughtered his 3-pound beauty. After that we had to go over to the pool, which serenely reposed in the shade of overhanging trees, and worked around long enough to save my trout and also drive all the rest away.

"A bungling piece of business," says Ned, and he was correct. I was the bungler, and, as defendant in the case, made no pleading, but turning to him I said with a paraphrase of but a single word:

> "Wynken, Blynken and Ned one night
> Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
> Sailed on a river of misty light
> Into a sea of dew.
> 'Where are you going and what do you wish?'
> The old man asked the three.
> 'We have come to fish for the herring fish
> That live in the beautiful sea;
> Nets of silver and gold have we,'
> Said Wynken,
> Blynken
> And Ned."

"That's delicious," said Ned, forgetting all about my *faux pas*. "Is there not more of it?"

"Yes, three more verses."

"Do you know them?"

"Do I know them? Of course. I would never let such a gem as that escape me. A thousand times have I recited it to juveniles, a thousand times have I gone over it on these shores, and a thousand times more I expect to repeat it. It is evidently the best child poem in the English language, and so declared by Andrew Lang."

"It is a child's poem, is it? Then consider me a child. I could ever live on such beautiful stanzas."

The half-breeds were also eager for it, as Wynken, Blynken and Ned seemed to strike their ear with a pleasing rhythm.

"Come, come," said Ned, growing impatient, "let us have the remainder."

And there amid the wild anarchy of nature, with the note of the wood-robin, the pipe and thrill of the sweet whistler, the luscious gurgle of hidden rills, and the flash and music of merry cascades, and under a sky fretted with golden tints, I stood up in the brave old boat eager to recite the remainder of Eugene Field's masterpiece, with all the tender eloquence I could summon, but without the paraphrase. All eyes were now intent upon me, and even a golden-winged butterfly fluttering over a wild flower and a red-wing swaying on a bulrush also gave me close attention, as if they could realize from its rhythmic rapture.

"Go on," again cried Ned in over-anxiety, and then on catching the spirit of the lovely gem I let my voice in modulated tones ring out on the whispering breeze that stirred the streamlet's ripples as I recited that:

"The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we—'
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

"All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

"Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod."

The trout having all been chased away from the shady pool as stated, we concluded to ascend the stream to its first ripple, and then Kenosh and I as per agreement were to make a detour through the forest to the upper waters, while Ned and Jo waited in the boat or returned to fish the pool again after it had sufficiently rested.

I thought before we started that there was a footpath leading to the pools, and that it would be a delightful walk through the umbrageous forest, but it proved a disappointment, for Kenosh either lost his way or no path existed. We went through the worst tangle imaginable and over steep hills that were fatiguing to climb, and that had much fallen timber which was provocative of emphatic Saxon. At last we struck the stream and found it but little better than a mountain rill, shrunken yet more after the snow had disappeared, but it made up in beauty what it lacked in strength. It is never for a moment at rest, as it moves in white foam at every turn over fallen logs or under moss-grown banks, or over boulders that toss its spray to the four winds and yet fail to arrest its course. It is the busiest of rivulets. When it comes to the point of a plunge through the openings between ledges it is aroused to its utmost passion, and reminds one of Southey's description of how the waters come down from the Lodore.

As we came for trout and not poetic reverie, we began the search; but not one did we raise to the surface or see gleaming in the little rippling shallows. We were both disgusted with the venture and moved a speedy adjournment to the boat. Kenosh recommended returning by the stream, which would result in some wading, but preferring it to the arduous tramp over the hill and down dale, I ordered the advance. It was fully a mile, and very rough and damp walking; but we realized much in the beautiful from the rolling clouds, impending rocks, verdant woods, gentle rills, rushing torrents, and the warbles of birds that lined the banks of the wandering and tinkling brook.

On reaching the boat I was completely worn out, but not so much so as to prevent me from catching the odd trout as we passed our favorite pool, and which gave me the majority of the spoils. I was aggravating enough to remind Ned of it and advised him to retire his "dusting brush" of the flaming hue.

He said it was simply a case of infringement, and declared it the ruination of inventive genius. I was not for argument on the question, and, being victor, allowed him all the privileges of accounting for his defeat. It was the fly maker's day, and, say what he would, he had to grin and endure it.

With my capture of the gamy trout we started for camp, and were well pleased to reach it and the grateful shade.

The afternoon found us in the bay, and the result was the capture of four more fine trout. We had worked incessantly with the flies during the day, and after adding thereto my tramp for trout in the morning, I assure you I sought my bed quite early that night, without any attempt to divert the camp.

The morning disclosed a southeast wind and patches of fog coming and going. A while we would be covered with mist, and then again there would be a mingling of half-exhausted rain clouds and rolling piles of cumuli near the sun, with their deep, though transparent, colors, their wild dashes of gorgeous tertiaries, and jagged breaks of flaming orange and crinkling gold showed me from what studies Rubens colored the "Judgment of Paris" and the "Plague of the Fiery Serpents." The most beautiful in the breaks of fog came a little later, when the sun had withdrawn his fire from a large mass of the lower clouds, which, now being purified, gathered into towering form of priestly vapor, unsullied white, rising high above the murkiness and splendid impurity around the tender golden blue of the upper sky. The most striking peculiarity about it, however, was the seemingly perfect whiteness of the great mass in shade, while the narrow edging of sunshine appeared white again in flame. Such a skyscape frequently reveals itself in such weather, and language is found inadequate to describe its matchless beauty.

We did nothing in a piscatorial way in the morning, but when the afternoon came, with the sky in rosy radiance, we went to Sand River, some six miles below, for a frolic with the adolescents of "mottled sides and shapely mould."

We went along a serrated shore, diversified with thickets of blooming bushes, low-crowned and retiring walls, infinitely varied in form and sculpture, and fringed with ferns and other plants that find anchorage in the narrow ledges and fissures, the result of the warring elements of bygone ages.

A ribbon-like rivulet that comes dancing and foaming over the radiant bows of ragged rocks we found in a little bay hidden among the splintered and recessed rocks, and here we stop and make a cast or two; but nothing comes to the surface, although among the old anglers of this shore it has a reputation of being generously populated with the iridescent beauties. What has been here is of the past, for the lovely little retreat, fit abode for a Naiad, pays no tinted dividends now. This is our second visitation to this concealed brook, and but one baby trout is all we ever captured here.

No further stop is now made till we reach Sand River and draw our boat up on the bright sandy beach at its mouth. From here we all start for an advance up the river. Ned and Jo preferred the shores near the mouth and where the rocks form a sort of barricade, among and around which the current with foamy ripples seeks the sea.

Kenosh and I take to the rocky parapets and pools above, and consequently have the fatiguing work and catch less trout, as it is evident at every toilsome step we take that we are the late comers to the picturesque river.

Kenosh with the agility of a cat goes climbing over the misshapen and declivitous rocks, and through the thick bushes that line the bank, leaving me to follow at will. I finally tire of the painful work, and seating myself upon a commanding parapet above the racing and foaming river, drink in the surrounding landscape, a picture of perfect loveliness rendered lovelier by the bright beams of the refulgent sun. As I gazed below at the frolicking river, waking with its sea-like voice fairy echoes in the forest, I was deeply impressed with what Henry Van Dyke says of a river in his preface to "Little Rivers," and, by the way, a most admirable work. It is so charming, so apropos for the occasion, that I heartily join him in saying that "A river is the most human and companionable of all inanimate things. It has a life, a character, a voice of its own, and is as full of good fellowship as a sugar maple is of sap. It can talk in varied tones, loud or low, and of many subjects grave or gay. Under favorable circumstances it will even make a shift to sing, not in a fashion that can be reduced to notes and set down in black and white on a sheet of paper, but in a vague and refreshing manner and to a wandering air that goes

'Over the hills and far away.'

"For real company and friendship there is nothing outside of the animal kingdom that is comparable to a river.

"It is by a river that I would choose to make love, and to revive old friendships, and to play with the children, and to confess my faults and escape from vain, selfish desires, and to cleanse my mind from all the false and foolish things that mar the joy and peace of living. Like David's hart, I pant for the water brooks, and would follow the advice of Seneca, who says, 'Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices.'"

Too well do I know the beauties and charms of rivers to not feelingly indorse every line above. It is there I have found the enduring love of the angle, it is there I have drank of the most enrapturing scenery, it is there with frosted locks that I have renewed the vigor of life, it is there with my three score and ten that I now look for anticipated sport, and therefore I say, to slightly paraphrase Longfellow, "The river! the river! a blessing on the river."

Having rested sufficiently and not captured a single trophy, I once more tramp along over the sun-touched rocks that gleamed like burnished steel. Dwarf pines and hemlocks and birch crowd the shore line, and frequently a detour from the river is made necessary as I advance. I finally strike a lovely pool that is almost cut off from the river, and which sleeps in a granite basin overhung by bending bushes and sensitive ferns, as if it were the abode of some lovely sea nymph. Passing down an opposing sea wall of flint, I reach a position on a shelving rock commanding the entire limit of the pool. From here I send out my tiny flies and at last succeed in landing a baby trout that made me blush at its immature size. I was about to return it to its element when it struck me that it was a dish of the innocents we came for. That thought sealed the fate of the little cherub of the rosy cheeks and so the greed of man had a black mark to his discredit. There is nothing like it for a pair, or for triplets, as they say in the great American game, and so my flies rained once more o'er that translucent pool,

"— where the eddies, so pearly white,
Sink away into gloom or wheel into light."

Drop and dance, drag and skitter, with the gnat-like flies till the arm grows weary and then a disgusted angler reels up, turns and faces the rocks, and then ascends the bold and ragged route till he clutches at the roots of some scarlet maple and mounts to the upper terrace that looks upon the flowing river.

We care not for fish, such tiny fish, I mean; and with the little trophy stowed away in my back pocket I saunter back to the boat, drinking in the rapturous beauties of the flower-enameled river, the fragrance of the air, the lovely banks of pearly clouds and the towering and rugged mountains that hem in with their foothills the rushing currents that have worn their way through these scarred and gray rocks that face you at every step.

I felt as I idled along like a royal vagabond of nature's realms, who would ever live with the blue canopy above for his covering, the soft tufts of grass for his couch, the whispering forests, warbling birds and wandering streams for his companions.

How satisfying, how delightful, all this was; but when the romance of wood and river began to fade as I neared the lake and my companions, I felt that I was leaving behind me my very, very dearest friends. Like Jeffries, I ever wanted the things I was parting from—the wild flowers, the yellow hummer and the tinkling brooks.

After a toilsome tramp through tangled bushes and over dismembered rocks I reach the lake and my associates, among whom was Kenosh, who had passed me while I was holding gentle converse with nature.

"What luck?" says Ned, as I approached him.

"A small piece of rainbow," I answered, and then taking the tiny trout from my pocket tossed it on the shining sands at his feet.

"Is that all you caught?"

"No, I caught a heartful of inspiration and a deeper shade of bronze on my furrowed face."

"You must have been napping or idling to return with but a single trout."

"How often have I told you that I cared nothing for this baby trouting."

"What we do with the trout?" now inquired Kenosh, looking at the pretty babe with a sort of pleasurable contempt.

Ned picked it up, and taking in its diminutive dimensions as he critically eyed it, said, with a smile stealing from his lips, "Boys, it is the smallest of the lot of sixteen, and I guess we had better keep it to grease the frying pan or hang it up in camp as a sample of what a gilt-edge fly-tosser can do in river trouting when he is in deep earnest."

"Rather say when he prefers a grand talk with nature in preference to robbing a stream of its ruby-tinted innocents."

With this the playful talk ended and an embarkation ensued which sent us flying over the rippling lake, with the mainsail catching the evening breeze, which was rapidly on the increase.

We had a pleasant sail of the six miles to camp, with the red light of a descending sun shimmering on the sobbing water and giving it a half tone of somberness, while a gleaming background up among the mountain peaks that caught the fullness of the sun shone like smooth and gleaming gold. The night was advancing with flying footsteps, shadows creep out from rocky ramparts, and the myriad air spray of the wind struck the dense woods on the shore and whistled through them as if arousing the nocturnal wanderers of wing and of foot for their night forays.

Reaching our quarters, the boatmen soon serve a meal, and after a rousing fire, for the nights here are always cool, came the story, the song and general pow-wow of matters miscellaneous.

Just before retiring Kenosh showed signs of mental disturbance, and at last relieved himself of the strain by inquiring if we would not tell a hunting story before seeking our blankets.

"You want bear, or snake story, or a fairy romance?" I asked the uneasy half-breed.

"Anything but bear."

"Well, then, what do you say for a deer story?"

"All right, he do."

"Any reservation about it?" asks Ned with a significant smile as he looked at Kenosh, thinking doubtless of the fox and geese story where the half-breed fell into a trap.

"Not a bit. It is an all-round, open-faced and remarkable adventure."

"Let her off then."

"Well, here goes. A friend of mine a few years ago, who was out hunting in the upper peninsula of Michigan with an old-time partner, was going down a steep hill when tracking a bear, saw a deer get up from behind a log and lazily stretch himself. He immediately fired, and when the smoke cleared away there, much to his amazement, stood the deer. Having a double-barreled gun, he pulled up and fired again, as before; when the smoke had wafted away there stood the deer, innocently gazing around. By this time his friend was near and asked what he was shooting at. He beckoned him to approach, and, pointing to the shapely animal, told him that he had shot twice and the deer never moved, and that he should try his luck. The second man shot and the deer dropped. Then the two went down to see their game, and what was their surprise on arriving at the spot to find, instead of one animal, three fine deer. It seemed that they had been sleeping there, and as the first one was shot down, another got up, and so on until the three were killed."

Kenosh gave a long and loud whistle when I had ended and then looking intently at me said:

"He go with the three burnt bears."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Too much shoot, too much deer."

"Well, Kenosh, you asked for a story and you got it."

"It all story. You tell fish talk at home that way?"

"Worse than that, Kenosh," says Ned with a laugh.

"Oh, you both big chief in talk. Half-breed fool sometime, not all the time."

"Then you think I romance?"

"What is a romance?"

"An exaggeration, or, to be more distinct, a flat-footed lie."

"You stretchee that way some."

"All right, Kenosh, no more stories from me then."

"Then we have no—what you call 'ems?"

"Romance."

"Yes, that it; no more romance."

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

Then pale face and bronze face arose and sought their respective tents and soon were in sound slumber, oblivious to all triple slaughter of bear and deer by fire and shot.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lake Crescent Trout.

O. O. S. sends us this note from a Washington (State) paper: "Mrs. George E. Mitchell, of Lake Crescent, has landed a 16lb. trout this summer, thus breaking Admiral Beardslee's record of last year with his 11½lb. trout. The season is young yet, and the Philadelphia is now at Port Angeles, and if there is a trout in that matchless lake bigger than 16 to 1, Admiral Beardslee intends getting it on his own hook."

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 14.—Conditions for surf fishing are improving with each day now. The intense heat of the past two weeks, coupled with the very low tides, have held the sport in abeyance. The improved weather and what is known as "harvest moon" tides are welcomed as the forerunners of some results. Bluefish have been plentiful during the past few days, and some excellent catches have been made both at sea and in the bays. Assemblyman Abraham Lower on Tuesday of this week took thirty-eight fine bluefish and eight bonitos trolling at Barnegat Inlet. Never before have menhaden been more plentiful in that body of water, and weakfish as well as the bluefish and bonito find a superabundance of food. The outlook for fishing there is of the best until Oct. 1 at least, and if the weather holds good it may be prolonged until the 10th of that month. September and October are always the best months of the year for fishing direct from the beach if weather is favorable. It is then that the bass, weakfish and bluefish crowd in along the beach shores in quest of mullet and spearing, and are taken in abundance where the pound nets will admit of their so doing. To the angler who intends trying his skill at any of the points mentioned I would say procure shedder crabs for bait in the cities, as never has that commodity been so scarce as the present season, local streams supplying but little and not nearly enough to meet the demand.

The snapper season will soon open now and that will be a signal for a general rush to all points where they resort. Perhaps no branch of angling has received a greater impetus than has been given snapper fishing during the past three years. The reason is obvious and I will have something to say in the near future concerning the methods employed and its delights. LEONARD HULIT.

The Giant and the Beetle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was early trained to quote correctly, and to insure this never to make a quotation without first verifying it. This habit possibly makes me sensitive to a misquotation, as I notice in the very pleasant article by Mr. Mather (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 8, page 108), as follows: "The smallest worm when trodden under foot feels pang as great as when a giant dies." But the sense of this passage, I take it, is the direct contrary to that given by Mr. Mather. Shakespeare intended to convey the idea that the pangs of death are more in the fear than in the act of it, and that the giant feels it no more than does the poor beetle (not the worm). This seems to be so from the exact quotation, which runs thus:

> "The sense of death is most in apprehension,
> And the poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Does not this convey the idea that in the act of death we humans feel no more than the poor beetle? But that the pang is intellectual and not physical. Physicians agree that at the moment of death, and for some time before, the physical pain is deadened and lost by the exhaustion of the nervous system. Certainly, fishermen know that the sense of pain in fish is so slight that when one escapes from the hook it may be taken at the very next cast. I once caught a large codfish who swallowed a part of his own cheek, which was torn off at the first hooking, and was seized by the fish the instant it fell into the water. H. STEWART.

Boston Fishermen.

MR. RICHARD O. HARDING is back from Mr. D. H. Blanchard's salmon river, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. He got into camp Saturday noon. That very afternoon he took a 16lb. salmon. On Monday he beat that record, taking a fish that weighed 26lbs. Tuesday he caught none, but on Wednesday he made the catch of his life, and one that any salmon angler would go far and stay out long to accomplish. He took a salmon weighing 30½lbs. Since that time he has taken one other weighing 17lbs., for up to the time the above information was written he had taken four salmon, weighing unitedly 90lbs. Such is great salmon luck, and there is scarcely an angler in Boston that will not rejoice with Dick, including Mr. D. H. Blanchard, than whom there is not another angler in the world with a truer heart. Mr. Blanchard has long been anxious that Dick should have a streak of salmon success, and now his wish is gratified. Mr. Harding has doubtless caught other salmon since; but at the time of this writing he had not arrived in Boston to tell of his full success. SPECIAL.

Northern Range of Tarpon.

MR. EDWARD VOM HOFE, in the course of a conversation on his favorite game fish, the tarpon, mentioned an interesting fact in regard to its northern range. Thirty years ago, he said, a dead tarpon was washed ashore at Huguenot, Staten Island, on the shores of New York's Lower Bay.

It was discovered by a gentleman named Saulpaugh, a member of the Excelsior Fishing Club, who took several of its scales as mementos. These scales were tacked up on the walls of the club house at Huguenot for many years, and may be there to-day.

At the time of its discovery the fish was unidentified, for tarpon were not then known to the rod fishermen. After one of his Southern fishing trips, however, Mr. Vom Hofe saw the scales and at once recognized them as belonging to the tarpon. According to the Fisheries Industries of the United States tarpon range northward to Cape Cod. J. B. B.

Forest and Stream's * * Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Parlin Pond Stake-Driver.

PARLIN POND, Me., Aug. 10.—The fly-fishing in this section has been very good this year. One of the prettiest catches of the season was taken Friday morning from Parlin Pond, by Prof. James C. Graham, of Massachusetts. In about two hours' fishing he brought in twelve trout. Two of them weighed 3¼lbs. and 2¼lbs. respectively. He had several more weighing from ¼lb. to 1½lbs. each. All were taken on a fly. Those fishermen who have visited Grace and Lang ponds have been very successful.

One of the attractions at Parlin this year is a milk-white deer, which occasionally makes its appearance. It was seen on the shore of the pond Friday last. The deer seem to be unusually thick this year. Hardly a day passes without several being seen in the field near the house.

A good story is told at the expense of a Boston gentleman who, with a friend, summered at Parlin Pond last year. The first morning he was here he was awakened at 4 o'clock by a stake-driver down on the shore of the pond. He listened a while and woke up his friend. "George," he said, "Murphy must be a brute to work for." "Why?" asked his friend. "Well, don't you hear his men out cutting wood and it's only 4 o'clock?" His friend knew the noise at once, but only laughed to himself.

The next morning Mr. —— complained to the landlord that he could not sleep after 4 o'clock on account of his men out cutting wood. The landlord was at a loss to know what he meant until some one suggested it might be a stake-driver. "Well," said Mr. ——, "what have you got your men out driving stakes as early as that for?" Everyone burst out laughing, and Mr. —— joined in when he found it was a bird that had disturbed him. But his friend cannot resist the temptation of occasionally reminding him of the stake-driver.

The hunting car owned by Messrs. Busiel, Estes and Richardson, which has been stored here since last fall, has been removed to Jackman, on Moose River. The owners propose to set the body of the car on a boat built for the purpose, and use it as a house-boat.

E. T. MURPHY.

[Stake-driver is a name given to the bittern because of its note, which sounds like the strokes of a mallet on a stake. The bird is also called the bog-bull.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.
Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Sept. 23 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.
Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Dec 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Sept 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.
Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.
Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Continental Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The chicken trials of the Continental Field Trials Club will be run at Kennedy, Minn., according to programme, beginning Monday, Sept. 7. I will start for the trial grounds about Aug. 30 or 31.

I will be pleased to have as many as can go at that time accompany me on the trip.

The club's quail trials will be run about the last week in January at or as near to West Point, Miss., as suitable grounds can be had and satisfactory arrangments made. Entry blanks for the quail Derby will be ready for mailing this week. The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 1 with $10 forfeit and $10 to start, starting fee to be paid at time of drawing. There will be no second forfeit in this Derby. The entries to the All-Age stake will close Oct. 1 with $10 forfeit and $10 to start. The purses in each are $500, divided $300 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third, $50 to fourth.

On my return from the chicken trials I will likely make a trip South, and look at the grounds at Tupelo, Okolona, West Point and one or two other places in the immediate vicinity, and make a selection. I will then notify all by mail who have made entries and will also give the public notice through FOREST AND STREAM.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entry blank naming Mr. S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. English setter for our chicken Derby was pigeonholed by me through mistake, and his name did not appear in the published list. You will confer a favor by giving this publicity: S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. English setter Hurstburn Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.
Continental F. T. Club.

MONONGAHELA FIELD TRIALS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find the entries for the second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

The All-Age Stake closed with nineteen nominations: twelve English setters, six pointers and one Irish setter, an increase of two over last year. The Derby closed with fifteen nominations: ten English setters, three pointers and two Irish setters, an increase of ten over last year.

S. B. CUMMINGS.

Derby Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ALLIE B.—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1895 (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan); breeder, H. S. Bevan.

DOCTOR C.—S. B. Cummings's b., w. and t. dog, May 17, 1895 (Galert C.—Nan C.); breeder, owner.

SLIGO—F. H. Beall's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1895 (Brighton Dick—Galatier); breeder, C. Peebles.

CLIFFORD—F. H. Beall's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1895 (Brighton Dick—Galatier); breeder, C. Peebles.

LORETTA—K. P. Beattie's b., w. and t. bitch, Feb. 18, 1895 (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray); breeder, Eldrid Kennels.

DON—G. Mesta's b., w. and t. dog, Aug. 5, 1895 (Wordsley Ben—Amy Robsart); breeder, Harry Northwood.

ROGER'S PRIDE—George Battison's b., w. and t. dog, May 22, 1895 (Roger Boy—Daisy B. II.); breeder, owner.

FANNY ALLEN—Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch, June 15, 1895 (Beaconsfield—Bessie); breeder, W. S. Caldwell.

—— —Dr. George Gladden's liv. and w. bitch, June, 1895 (Hoosier Boy—Peterson's Nellie); breeder, Joseph Maiden.

DICK BERWYNE—G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. dog, June 19, 1895 (Bart Noble—Topsy Berwyne); breeder, owner.

POINTERS.

RAP'S MAID—Beall & Lipscomb's liv. and w. bitch, March, 1895 (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent); breeder, W. N. Lipscomb.

STRICTLY BUSINESS—O. V. Porter's b. and w. ticked bitch, April, 1895 (Kent's Prim—Belle Fauster; breeder, W. S. Coulson.

QUEEN—Smoky City Kennels' b. and w. bitch, Aug. 19, 1895 (Rip Rap, Jr.—Frankie); breeder, Frank Kruse.

IRISH SETTERS.

KILDARE DODE—George Battison's bitch, June 15, 1895 (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore II); breeder, W. L. Washington.

LANG—W. H. Boyd's dog, June 14, 1895 (Finglas—Kildare Gladys); breeder, G. William Lang.

All-Age Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

HOOSIER GIRLEY—W. H. Beazell's o. and w. bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).

GALERT C.—S. B. Cummings's o. and w. dog (Duke of Princeton—Ione).

GLEN—Jesse B. Jones's b. and w. dog (Spot—Ready Noble).

FLASH B.—Herman Straub's o. and w. dog (Dion C.—Galatier).

BIRD—R. S. D. Hunter's lem. and w. bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).

IROQUOIS—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Can Can).

ACCELLERANDO—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. bitch (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

SPOT—J. L. Craven's b. b. dog (Noble Sting—Snow Ball).

ROGER O'MEARA—G. Wm. Lang's b., w. and t. dog (Roger Boy—Nancy Mahoning).

BEACONSFIELD—Dr. S. W. Hartt's b. b. and t. dog (Gladstone's Boy—Bessie Marshall).

WHYTE S.—G. O. Smith's b. w. and t. dog (Whyte B.—Mores Clara).

BEV R—Anderson Bros.' lem. and w. bitch (—— ——).

POINTERS.

SCOTT C.—S. B. Cummings's liv. and w. dog (—— ——).

GEO. CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. dog (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott).

MEX—F. D. West's lem. and w. dog (Stewart's Duke—Polly G.).

ROY CROXTETH—Henry Christ's liv. and w. bitch (Shot Master—Croxteth Nellie).

RUSH—Smoky City Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Rush of Lad—Spotty Ale).

SPOT GOLD—G. O. Smith's liv. and w. dog (King Pedro—Ridgeview Venus).

IRISH SETTERS.

MOLLIE GIBSON—F. E. White's red bitch (Dakin—Jessie Fremont).

Augusta Show.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 11.—Please place in your list of bench shows to occur that of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Dec. 8 to 11. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., will judge. J. W. KILLINGSWORTH, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE HAULING DOG IN CANADA.

Dogs are used as draft animals in the northwest of Canada, on the Labrador coast, and in the vicinity of Quebec. Dog teams are used during winter in the Northwest by the wood Indians and the Hudson Bay Company's men. The detachments of the Northwest Mounted Police also made use of them in the northernmost divisions of the Territory. Butler, in his "Great Lone Land" and "Wild North Land," gives an excellent description of the *huskies* (as the dogs are called by the half-breeds and Indians out there) and of the work done by them.

Along the Labrador coast, where there are few horses, dogs are used as draft animals in winter. In summer all traveling and freighting is done by water. In the former season the mails are carried along the coast by dog teams.

The Labrador dog is really an Esquimau when he is not a Newfoundland or a nondescript, and the Esquimau dog is almost exactly like the *huskie*. It has a pointed nose, sharp, upright ears, long hair and a bushy tail, and looks the picture of his first cousin, the wolf. These Esquimau dogs are very savage, have exceedingly powerful jaws, and will eat anything and snap at everything. So ferocious and destructive are they that the people down there, who are beginning to devote themselves to agriculture more than they did before, under the auspices of the Government of the Province of Quebec, which has spared no pains to promote the development of agricultural interests, have petitioned to have all the Esquimau dogs destroyed which are not required for the mail service, because they kill the cattle and sheep.

They get an immense amount of punishment, but do not seem to mind it, and will snap at and bite their masters whenever they get a chance. In summer they skirmish around for food, eating the offal of the fish and seals caught by their masters, gorging themselves on some stranded whale or porpoise, or they hunt for themselves in the woods. In winter they live on the stores of dried caplin and whale or seal flesh which their masters have kept for the purpose, with the additional treat of the dish water in which the greasy plates have been washed.

Dogs in Labrador are harnessed differently from those in the Northwest. There, where they drive over plains or through open woods, they are harnessed tandem fashion, one in front of the other, and always retain that position. In Labrador each dog is harnessed to the sleigh by a separate thong, so that when the team gets on ice, as it frequently does, going over the bays from point to point to shorten the distance, the dogs spread out like a fan. This does not interfere with the draft, is safer when going over thin ice and a dog can fall out to satisfy the demands of nature or to scratch his fleas without stopping the remainder of the team. These thongs are of various lengths, so that when the team comes to a narrow road between trees the dogs can fall into Indian file, one behind the other. The leading dog always has the longest thong, so as to easily keep ahead of the others. This he is always anxious to do for many reasons. In the first place he is very proud of the position and is always ready to fight all comers for the privilege, and to retain the post he must be top dog in all combats. Then he is generally petted, made much of, better cared for and better fed than the others, and sometimes kept in the house while they have to rough it outside, the result being that he is proportionately hated by all the others, who, in their anxiety to get a snap at him, pull with all their might, while he does the same to keep away from them. This is pretty much like the idea of holding a carrot on a pole in front of a donkey's nose to induce him to go fast.

The harness is all made of sealskin; a broad strap rests on the chest, being retained in position by another over the neck; a piece over the back joins the top of the breast piece to another around the body and from this the thong leads back to the sleigh.

The Labrador sleigh is the regular Esquimau sleigh described in books of Arctic travel, the *kometik*, built of driftwood, fastened by thongs of sealskin, not a nail or piece of iron or steel entering its composition, whereby it is much more elastic and can better resist hard shocks. The runners are made of whale ribs in pieces about 4ft. long by 3in. wide, the total length being about 8ft. These are fastened to the woodwork in a very ingenious manner, small holes are countersunk in the whalebone and through these are passed thin but strong thongs of sealskin or seal sinews, which are lashed tightly. The advantage of whalebone over iron or steel is that it does not get clogged or adhere to wet snow.

The driver, as a rule, runs behind the sleigh when loaded, but when the snow is soft he puts on his snowshoes to beat it down, and the dogs follow in his tracks. When the dogs lag the driver uses the Esquimau dog-whip—a terrible instrument, the mere crack of which makes every dog jump into his collar and settle down to work. It is made entirely of sealskin thongs plaited together till they reach a sharp point. The handle, made of the same material, is about as thick as a man's wrist and only 18in. long, while the lash is from 20 to 30ft. in length. It requires a great deal of practice to wield this properly, and a novice in trying to snap it is just as likely as not to hit himself in the face, generally. It is no wonder that the dogs dread it, for an expert can take a piece of skin off every time.

When a dog is in disgrace for some misbehavior, or if he will not stop fighting, he is hobbled. A thong is put around his neck, the two ends are knotted together, and one of his front paws is passed through it so that he cannot pull it out; thus hobbled he generally limps off on three legs into a corner, where he keeps quiet and shows by the expression of his countenance that he feels the disgrace.

The members of the Laurentides Fish and Game Club, to which I belong, had, like myself, many opportunities of observing the habits, training, etc., of Labrador dogs. One of our guardians, who came from that part of the country, had for many years the contract for driving the mails along the north shore, and owned a fine team. This he was allowed by the club to bring with him, as there was a good deal of hauling to be done from the railway station to the club house, and, moreover, the members proposed to have grand rides over the frozen lakes, and also to be able to bring a larger quantity of supplies with them when they went to the more distant camps to hunt or to fish through the ice, which was allowed in those days. They had no end of fun with these dogs for a while, but in the end they died off and were not replaced. They were found to be a nuisance in summer time, as they would devour the trout caught by the members unless constantly watched, and their barking, which was more like the howling of wolves, frightened the game away. They were always in a state of semi-starvation, owing to the difficulty of keeping them supplied with food, and if anyone was rash enough to hand them a piece of bread or meat instead of throwing it to them, he generally had some trouble in rescuing his hand. It was wonderful to see them open cans of preserved meat with their strong fangs. The leader was a very fine brute, but a very savage one, which no one dared to handle but the guardian, who ruled it more by fear than love, and who was bitten by it pretty badly sometimes.

We had some very amusing experiences with these dogs. On one occasion several of us resolved to go and spend a few days up at the club grounds, seventy miles north of Quebec, to shake the cobwebs out of our heads by walking through the spruce woods on snowshoes, breathing the ozone of the mountain air, driving over the ice on the lakes with the dog team, winding up the day's exertions and amusements by quiet games of cards or chess or by spinning yarns, and eating our meals with an appetite which would have driven a boardinghouse keeper to despair. Charlie B. and I went on the day before as an advance guard to get everything ready. On our arrival at our station on the Lake St. John Railway, we found Hébert, the guardian, with his dog team all decorated for the occasion. The dogs wagged their tails at us, looking forward evidently to the prospect of having some preserved meat cans to open, besides other tidbits. Leaving the guardian and the men we had brought with us to bring on the commissariat supplies, we put on our snowshoes, crossed the Batiscan River and climbed up the gorge leading to the first lake of our main chain, on which the club house is built. As we walked on we took deep breaths of the bracing air whose exhilarating effect it is impossible to describe, and admired the wonderful shapes assumed by the snow as it had fallen on trees and stumps. Having made all our arrangements, we started next day down to the station with the guardian and the dogs to meet our friends. Sitting on the *kometik*, we drove quickly over the road on the ice and also the road through the woods, but when we began to go down hill our troubles began. To keep the sleigh from coming on the dogs Hébert turned himself into a brake, digging his heels into the snow, and did very well until, at a sharp turn, he rolled off and the brake was gone. Of course the sleigh came upon the dogs' heels, and they with a howl rushed madly on to keep ahead of it. We clung on awaiting events, and fairly flew. Suddenly one dog made a spring to one side, got his thong across a stump, upon which he pulled the sleigh, bringing the outfit to an abrupt stop. Charlie and I flew up in the air like stones from a catapult, he landing head first in a snowdrift, I across a fallen tree, fortunately thickly covered with snow, while the dogs, sleigh, stump and thongs were all tangled up, and the biggest dog fight was going on that I had ever seen. Having pulled my friend out by the heels, we watched the fight, unable even to bet on any one dog, they were so much mixed up, and too wise to interfere until the driver came down with his whip and separated and disentangled the dogs. We considered that we had had enough driving down hill for one day, so we walked the remainder of the way, the guardian walking also, and, with a thong fastened to the rear of the sleigh, kept it from overrunning the dogs. We had a very pleasant time, and on the day before we came away had quite an adventure. A thaw had been followed by a frost and the snow covering the ice on the lakes was frozen hard, so four of our party got on the sleigh to have a final drive. They started in great glee, and just as they rounded the first point they saw a fine young caribou buck about 500yds. ahead. As soon as the dogs saw it they gave a yelp like a pack of wolves and started like an arrow from a bow after the caribou, which looked round on hearing the yelp, saw its pursuers and flew over the ice, keeping in the middle of the lake. When the dogs started with a jerk one of the party was thrown off violently and slid a long way on the hard snow before he could pull up, feeling red hot from the friction and gazing wistfully after his fast disappearing comrades, who clung to the sleigh like grim death and enjoyed this novel hunt. Of course there was not the slightest chance of their catching the animal, which, instead of making for the bush on the nearest shore, held on in the middle of the lake right up to the end, where it took to the woods. The impromptu hunters soon found themselves in a difficulty, for it was impossible to stop the dogs, who could not realize that they had a sleigh with passengers behind them. The driver tried in vain to stop them, and there was every probability of broken limbs or necks when they would strike the bush. However, they soon made up their minds and dropped off one by one, rolling over and over in the snow or sliding some distance away, with much damage to their nether garments and much abrasion of the cuticle. Meanwhile the dogs, relieved of the weight, rushed after the deer and, entering the woods, got tangled up among the trees and, as usual on such occasions, wound up with a free fight among themselves. After extricating them the party re-embarked and drove quietly back to the house, where they repaired damages, related their adventure and wrote it down in the club's log-book.

These dogs are very hardy and always sleep outside in the coldest weather. However, they have no objection to heat and always try to get it when they can. Once we were in one of the remote camps and were lying on our bed of boughs, smoking our evening pipe, when one of us got up suddenly with an imprecation, his eyes full of earth. Soon we were all threatened with the same thing and at the same time heard a sound of scratching. Catching up the lantern, we turned out to investigate and found that the sleigh had been placed upright against the side of the log hut and that the dogs had used it as a ladder to climb up into the small space between the sloping roof of gouged troughs and the earth-covered ceiling of small, round logs and birch bark to get near the warm stovepipe, and, in settling down, had caused the earth to fall through the interstices. We sent Hébert to dislodge them and take their ladder away, and next morning we found them all curled up and covered with snow which had fallen during the night.

CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Collie Club Specials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Toronto premium list contains an error regarding he Collie Club specials offered to Canadian members. In lace of two, as specified in the premium list, I advised Mr. Stone that the Collie Club would, in addition to the two medals open to all members, give a silver medal, confined to Canadian members provided their number was increased to five. Mr. Stone announces two medals, which is wrong. We now have four Canadian members and it will be strange if they do not bestir themselves and get another member in in time.

JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

208 BROADWAY, New York.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The matter of the Field Trial Champion Association Stake will not be considered till the meeting of the U. S. F. T. C. is held at Newton, in November next.

From the Manitoba *Free Press* we learn that the regular monthly meeting of the Manitoba Dog Owners' Association was held on the evening of Aug. 3 at the Manitoba Hotel. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one, and several new members were elected. Some cases of violations of the game laws were reported and considered by the meeting, but as the evidence was not complete nothing could be done. The Association will do everything in its power to see that the game laws are enforced. The committee appointed to consider the advisability of holding amateur field trials this fall submitted their report. After considerable discussion it was decided to hold trials under the auspices of the Association, and Messrs. W. C. Lee, G. B. Borrodaile, R. J. Gallaugher, C. W. Graham and Dr. M. C. Clarke were appointed a committee to make full arrangements in connection therewith. The events will be open only to dogs owned by members of the Association. The trials will be held near Winnipeg early in September.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

G. B. W.—I have an English setter who is subject to fits after running any short distance. I have been told that splitting his tail would cure him of this. Is this so? If not, will you give a cure? Ans. Treat for worms. Syringe the ears out well with warm water. Then use the following lotion twice a day: Citrine oint., 1 drachm; almond oil, 1oz. Mix together. A little to be poured into the ear twice a day. Give 10grs. of chloral hydra in a tablespoonful of water twice a day.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

PLOVER SHOOTING WITH THE BICYCLE.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you now have a Wheeling department, I feel at liberty to give my sporting experience in that manner. Four years ago my sons were anxious that I should ride the wheel, so as to be able to get into the country with my gun more readily, and easier than by walking. At that time I had my doubts about its being easier, although I knew it was more speedy, and as I was well on to the three-score line I did not take well to the idea of learning to ride, but two years later I changed my mind and have since been a devotee of the silent steed. A year ago this month I commenced making it my sporting companion.

My first experience was in plover shooting, and I found it was much easier to get to and from the fields where for the past thirty years I have done nearly all my shooting of this erratic game bird. These fields are between two and three miles from my home, and I find it an easy matter to strap my gun on the wheel between saddle and pedals, and get there by the time the sun is high enough to show the birds flying over the fields of the newly-sown wheat or close-cropped pasture. I had been out a few times with more or less success (generally less) in the mornings, when I concluded that I would try them toward evening, as sometimes a few of the birds remain through the day.

On my first afternoon visit, after sitting in the fence corner for some time without seeing any birds on the wing, I saw something on the further side of the field that looked like birds on the ground, and after watching a long time I saw a movement, and on going toward them saw three plover some distance apart. As I got within long shooting distance of the nearest one it got up and I shot it, and the others, seeing it drop, also alighted. In walking toward them I passed the one I had shot and might have picked it up, but thought it would be better to leave it until I had flushed the others, though in passing it I noticed that it fluttered a short distance from me. Just then the other two got up and I shot them. On turning to pick up the first bird I was surprised to see it flying away seemingly as well as ever, and before I could get another shell in the gun it was a long way out of range, and finally disappeared from view in the distance. Finding no more birds, I returned home.

After a few more unsuccessful trips to these fields I concluded to leave my gun at home when I next went in that direction, which I did on the Saturday following, and when four miles out on the same road I saw a flock of about thirty plover feeding in a field near the road. After watching them for some time in an unpleasant frame of mind because I had not brought my gun, I concluded that I would go and get it and return and get some of those birds.

Before seeing the birds that road did not seem to be good wheeling, but after I got started for the gun it seemed to be the best road I had ridden for some time, and I was not long in getting home and changing my wheeling suit for shooting clothes and strapping the gun on the wheel. On the return trip the road seemed better than ever, and I was soon back to that field, but did not find the birds where I had left them. In the further corner I saw what I thought were a part of them, and on getting nearer them put up a whole flock and got a double shot into them, securing five birds. On looking at my watch I found it was fifty-five minutes from the time I started for the gun, and that I was about halfway between the third and fourth mile post, and had made pretty good time for a sixty-two-year-old boy.

In another week shooting time will be on again, and I shall again try plover shooting on a bicycle.

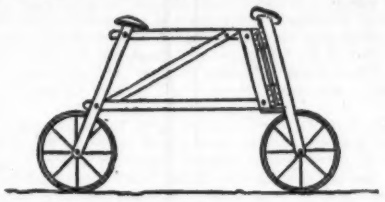
J. L. DAVISON.

The Celerette.

THE "celeripedes and "drasines" on which the Frenchmen of 1816 used to wheel are forcibly called to mind by a machine which is beginning to appear on the streets of Paris. According to the *American Wheelman*,

"One of the latest sights in Paris is a long string of men, each astride on a couple of wheels which they push along at a fairly rapid rate, with their feet on the ground. This centipede-looking instrument is an advertisement of the Celerette invented by M. Paul Leclerc, or perhaps it would be better to say resuscitated, for the machine is nothing but a modernized version of the old hobby horse.

"It is made of a rhomboidal framework of wood nailed or bolted together, and running on two small wooden wheels, the steering wheel being carried by a head piece which is hinged on to the fame. A piece of wood is nailed across the top of the steering post, a leather saddle is fixed to the rear, and there you have the Celerette in the simplest form possible. Of course, the inventor does not think



THE CELERETTE.

that this is going to compete with the bicycle, but he claims that it will be found very useful for people learning to ride, or to those who cannot go to the expense of buying an ordinary wheel. Moreover, the fact that it will enable anyone to cover long distances without tiring themselves and at almost infinitesimal cost makes the Celerette a practical instrument, even if it is hardly likely to be taken up by the general body of cyclists.

"It may be used by workmen, children and others who do not mind about sacrificing a little dignity for the sake of the exercise or for going their daily rounds. The Celerette does not weigh more than about 5lbs. and it can be pushed at the rate of eight or twelve miles an hour, which is a speed not to be despised by any means.

"Its cost is less than $3, and if you want one fitted up with pneumatic tired wheels running on ball bearings you have to pay $17, while there are intermediate prices for ordinary rubber tires. Besides its cheapness and lightness the maker claims that it has certain advantages over the bicycle. He says that it is not so tiring as the bicycle, because the legs are not constantly at work, and in going down hill you lift the feet and "thus taste the joys of speed acquired without effort." No doubt the experienced wheeler will smile at the claims held out for the Celerette, but undeniably it is a worthy invention, if only for the fact that everyone can now take exercise and travel at a pretty good speed at the cost of a dollar or two."

BICYCLE QUALITY.

NEW YORK, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In selecting a bicycle the question of price should always be of secondary consideration. Genuine bargains are extremely rare, and an examination of many of the $39.99 or $49.49 kind of bicycles, which are described as being "strictly high-grade $100 bicycles," proves them to be of the most inferior quality. These wheels in most cases have been built to sell on their appearance, and as the better class of bicycle agencies, who value their reputations, cannot be induced to handle them, they find their way into the hands of firms who deal solely in "bargain wheels," and who conduct their business on the principle that the crop of fools is perennial.

Even among the bicycles with reputations, that honestly sell at catalogue prices, there are some that for one reason or another are little, if any, better than the bargain bicycles. Sometimes a new or even an old firm makes the fatal mistake of cheapening the cost of production as a means of increasing their profit. As a case in point, a wheelman of my acquaintance exchanged his 1895 bicycle for a '96 model of a certain supposedly standard make, selling for $100. The '95 wheel had been eminently satisfactory and had carried the rider some thousands of miles without any repairs whatever. Within two weeks of ordinary service, however, the new wheel broke down completely. One spoke snapped, and on examination the agents who made the exchange acknowledged that there was not a sound spoke in either wheel. The bearings wore so that, to quote the owner, "you could stick a lead pencil in among them." And to cap the climax, an important part of the frame came unbrazed and the whole wheel seemed on the point of disintegration. The rider is a light man, weighing only 120lbs., and though he covers a great deal of ground during the course of a week, his riding is all over smooth roads and his wheel is put to no unusual strain.

Another man, who took his trial trip on Riverside Drive on a wheel he had bought at a bargain price, learned the quality of his mount when eight spokes in the front wheel suddenly snapped, and becoming entangled with the fork brought him to a sudden stop. Fortunately for his neck, the rider was going along very slowly on level ground. Had he been going down hill or with any speed nothing could have saved him from a bad header.

But the two bicycles just mentioned are not representative of the majority of wheels ridden by American cyclists. Poor wheels, except at very low prices, are the exception, else the sport would never have gained its universal popularity. A good wheel, if properly cared for, will run thousands of miles without once going to the repair shops, and the essential parts of such bicycles are practically indestructible. Even in the case of accident these wheels, by reason of their all-round honesty and excellence of constuction, frequently escape without damage. Recently a friend of mine weighing 240lbs., who, by the way, was just learning to ride, lost control of his bicycle on a hill, at the bottom of which, while going at a tremendous gait, he came in contact with a pile of Belgian paving blocks.

As luck would have it, the rider was not seriously injured, but judging from the force of the impact he imagined his wheel would be smashed into its thousand and one original component parts. When he came to examine it, however, he was unable to find that any part was broken. The front wheel was bent backward till it touched the rear wheel, but when the fork was put in a vise and straightened into position the bicycle seemed in as good condition as ever.

A subsequent examination by an expert proved that not a part was broken—a spoke or bearing—and the only suggestion he could offer was the substitution of a new fork, though he said this was not absolutely essential.

All the incidents quoted are actual facts from the personal experience of the writer, who is of the opinion that a good wheel is worth the price asked, while anything else is dear as a gift. There is as much difference in quality between a good bicycle and a poor one built to imitate it as there is between a brass filled case premium offer watch and a $100 Waltham, or as there is between a cheap imported rattletrap gun and a Smith, a Parker or a Lefever. The bargain bicycle stores are in the habit of giving premiums to help sell their wheels, but they have failed to hit on the most appropriate, which would be a life insurance policy.

Quality tells, and the smash in prices this year is the best possible indication of the process that is going on of separating the good wheels from the bad. If you want to buy a bicycle, ask some one in whom you have confidence to name half a dozen of the best makes, and then make your selection from these. Let your personal inclination guide you as to the details of construction, but never buy a wheel that an experienced man will not recommend.

J. A. C.

NOTES.

MR. J. L. DAVISON, who goes plover shooting with a bicycle, finds the new way vastly better than the old. He rides seven miles over a poor road, changes his clothes, and shoots five plover, all in less than an hour. We think this is a record—at least for men who are beyond the sixty year mark.

If Mr. Davison had been on foot when he saw the plover in all probability he would never have taken the trouble to go back home for his gun. As it was the plover suffered. The bicycle is only another link in the chain of nineteenth century improvements that is threatening our game with extinction.

The game is brought closer to the shooter—or the shooter to the game, whichever way you choose to put it—and the result is bound to be a lessening of the supply.

One of the notable figures at the annual meets of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club is Benjamin Babb, of Southfield, who for a number of years has hunted foxes with a bicycle.

How he manages to get his wheel over the rough mountain roads and through woodland and swamp is a mystery, but nothing seems to stop him, and when the fox has distanced everything else he frequently finds Mr. Babb and his repeating shotgun waiting for him.

The manner of carrying a gun on a bicycle varies. Mr. Davison says he straps his gun "on the wheel between saddle and pedals," but he does not say whether the gun is in the case or put together, though he probably means the latter. Babb carries his Winchester shotgun strapped to the frame between his legs, with the barrel projecting ahead of his wheel like the bowsprit of a boat. Other sportsmen carry their guns in the cases hung from the shoulder. What is the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle?

Down on Long Island they used to hunt deer on horseback, just as they hunt foxes in other parts of the country. The sportsman carried his gun and endeavored to head the deer at well-known crossings, where he could get a close shot.

Sometimes these chases covered a great many miles in the aggregate, and dogs and horses were completely fagged out before the deer was bagged.

After two years of close season deer will be hunted again on Long Island this fall. The roads through the deer country are fairly good and strategically distributed, and were it not for the number of hunters and the danger of being taken for a deer and shot, no doubt bicycles could be used to advantage, as the horses were in former days.

A little incident will serve to explain to those not familiar with the Long Island deer hunting conditions why it would not be safe to ride a bicycle through the deer country.

Two years ago, just at sunrise, two deer were driven by the dogs around the base of a hill on which were assembled thirty or forty hunters. A perfect cannonade ensued; but the deer were too far off and it was too dark to shoot well, and they escaped the men on the hill, only to fall to the guns of some others, where they attempted to cross the main road a little beyond.

Just as the smoke began to clear away, a hunter in a light colored shooting coat ran directly across the opening where the deer had passed a moment before. The effect was something like a deer bounding in and out among the scrub oaks, and one of the hunters on the hill evidently was deceived by the resemblance; for he raised his rifle, and before he could be stopped had fired several shots at the man, each one as carefully sighted as possible under the conditions. Fortunately homicide did not result; but those who saw the incident took good care after that to move about as little as possible, and not one of them would have run to get a shot at the biggest buck on the island.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Yachting.

AS THE races for the America's Cup are at least nominally governed by the third deed of gift, it would naturally be supposed that the inventors of the wild rumors of impending challenges launched from time to time would at least take the trouble to read that precious document and conform their stories to it. Such has not been the case, however, with two recent rumors, one to the effect that the Emperor William will challenge next year with Meteor II., and the other that Mr. James Ross, commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., intends to build a yacht and challenge in the name of his club. As far as a challenge from the Emperor is concerned, it would be possible only in one way, and that is practically an impossibility. In the last deed, as in the first and second, it is positively stated that the challenging yacht must be constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, which makes it impossible for Meteor II. to sail as the representative of the Imperial Y. C. of Germany, the chosen club of the Emperor. Of course he is also a member of the Squadron and other British clubs, and thus might legally secure one of them to back his challenge, or the yacht might be transferred to the nominal ownership of the Earl of Lonsdale, or some other English yachtsman, for the same purpose. Such courses as these, however, are hardly within the bounds of probability; the whole effort of the Emperor has been to build up a system of yachting in Germany, whether for mere love of the sport or for the advantages which result to every great nation from a general love of water sports and sailing. To challenge in the name of a British club with a yacht of British design and build would be, in the event of winning, merely helping England to accomplish what she has so long failed in, and would in no way advance the interests of German yachting, as the Cup would necessarily go to England and not to Germany. We can hardly believe that the Emperor's love for his British cousins is so strong as such a course would imply.

The report about Mr. Ross is even more absurd. The New York Y. C. long ago decided most emphatically that it would receive no more challenges from Canada; in fact, the second deed of gift was made in 1882 mainly to stop all further attempts on the part of Canadians to win the Cup, and it has been thoroughly understood by them as such. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., like all the other Canadian clubs, is purely a fresh-water organization, and has no racing course on the sea or an arm of the sea, as called for by the second and third deeds, and is not qualified to issue a challenge for the America's Cup. The only way in which Mr. Ross could challenge would be by joining the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and sailing as its representative. At the present time we can see no prospect whatever of a challenge for the Cup; in fact, the general circulation of such absurd stories as these two is in itself an indication that there is nothing more probable and reliable in the air.

YACHTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

APROPOS of the discussion over yachts and yachting about San Francisco, we clip the following from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Aug. 1. It would seem to be pretty strong corroboration of the position of our correspondent, W. B. Collier, Jr. The attempt to modernize an old boat is one of the most useless ways of wasting money ever devised by yachtsmen. For one thing alone, the old hull has, in nearly every case, a needlessly heavy construction, which is a fatal handicap to speed when opposed to modern craft, and this weight of construction is necessarily increased by the addition of misfit ends of extreme length. Such efforts as this to improve a fleet are likely to do much more harm than good to yachting.

Interest is keen in yachting just now, as some of the principal regattas of the year are about to take place. The first will be the postponed race of the California Y. C. for the Wallace challenge trophy. The original race was declared void, as the yachts did not finish in the time prescribed by the deed gift, and another race had to be called for. The date set is Aug. 9. According to the deed of gift the race for 1896 must be sailed on an ebb tide. The start will be from the southerly side of the narrow-gauge mole, and thence around Presidio Shoal Buoy and back to the starting point. As the club has postponed another of its races, the past month or so has been used in cruising, giving the members a good chance to rest and get in shape for the regatta.

The event for the month of August will be the race between the Catherine and the Fawn for the San Francisco challenge cup. The Catherine represents the San Francisco Yacht Club, while the Fawn is the defender placed in the field by the Encinal Yacht Club, the holder of the cup. Both clubs have gone to a great deal of trouble getting their representatives in fine shape. The Catherine had an overhang bow and stern put on this spring and the good work she did led to the challenge. The addition at the bow is 1ft. 7½in. and the stern overhang is 5ft. 9½in. Up to a week or so ago she had the old ballast, but when the reports of the extensive changes that were being made in the Fawn reached Sausalito the officers of the San Francisco Club got together and decided that everything must be done to have the Catherine in the best possible shape. Therefore she was at once sent to Capt. Matthew Turner's yard at Benicia, where she has had all her ballast taken out and replaced by a lead keel weighing 1,220lbs. Only enough will be carried inside to trim her. In place of the wooden centerboard she will carry one made of steel weighing 875lbs. While at the yard she has had the paint burnt off and the hull planed and sand-papered. Before leaving a new set of spars will be placed on her, as the old ones were found to be too light. Her new measurements are 32ft. 7in. over all and 25ft. 2in. on the load waterline. The spars measure: Boom, 26ft. 9in.; gaff, 15ft. 5in., and bowsprit, 6ft. outboard. The hoist of the mainsail is 19ft., and of the jib perpendicular, 20ft. 6in. The principal change in the sail area was bringing the jib inboard 1ft.

On the Fawn there has been just as much changing as on the Catherine. The old sharp bow has been taken off and a modern spoon bow substituted. The old iron keel and inside ballast have been replaced by an iron shoe. The stern has been left with a small overhang. The sail plan was somewhat changed, necessitating making a new suit of sails, which were bent on this week, and she was out for a spin to stretch them. The Fawn has always been a heavy weather boat, and as the course is noted for its light winds, the odds are against the Encinals.

EL HEIRIE.

THROUGH the kindness of her designer, owner and skipper, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, we are enabled to present to our readers one of the notable yachts of the year, a craft that in spite of her exceptionally small size is worth every consideration from practical yachtsmen as the embodiment in practical and useful shape of certain new principles. The history of El Heirie's success in the Seawanhaka trial races over other yachts of both normal and extreme form, as well as her subsequent defeat by a craft of similar form to herself, but of greater power, is too new to need to be recounted here; it has all appeared in our pages within the past two months, and we need only concern ourselves with the yacht herself.

El Heirie was designed by Mr. Crane expressly for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. international races, the design being completed in the winter and placed in the hands of the Lawley & Son Co., of South Boston. It his selection of the very peculiar form shown in the design Mr. Crane was influenced by the various reports published last season of the phenomenal speed of the 15-footer Question. Instead, however, of resting content with the mere copying of the external features of this odd craft, Mr. Crane has evidently gone much further; he has studied thoroughly the underlying principles of the scow type, as embodied in Question, and has applied them in a way of his own to produce a much faster craft. The leading dimensions of El Heirie are as follows; the original design was made on a basis of 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., and the yacht as officially measured was 14ft. 8in.; for the sake of comparison with other designs in the same class, the design has been redrawn on a basis of 15ft. l.w.l., or about ½in. greater draft than appropriate to her measured length. The displacement is consequently a little greater than that of the yacht in racing trim.

Length over all	23ft.
l.w.l.	15ft.
Overhang, bow	4ft. 9in.
stern	3ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	5ft.
Draft, hull	5½in.
with board	5ft.
Freeboard	8½in.
Displacement	987lbs.
Sail area	240sq. ft.

At first sight the relationship of El Heirie to the scow type is not closely apparent; the form is rounded throughout, with no approach to a flat side or angular bilge. The sheer is perfectly straight, but this in itself is not an essential feature of the design. A look at the waterlines, especially forward, will show, however, the radical difference between her and such a craft, for instance, as Ethelwynn. On the same length of waterline, 15ft., Ethelwynn has a length on the load waterline plane along the middle buttock line of but 10ft.; El Heirie has at the same point a length of 13ft. 5in.

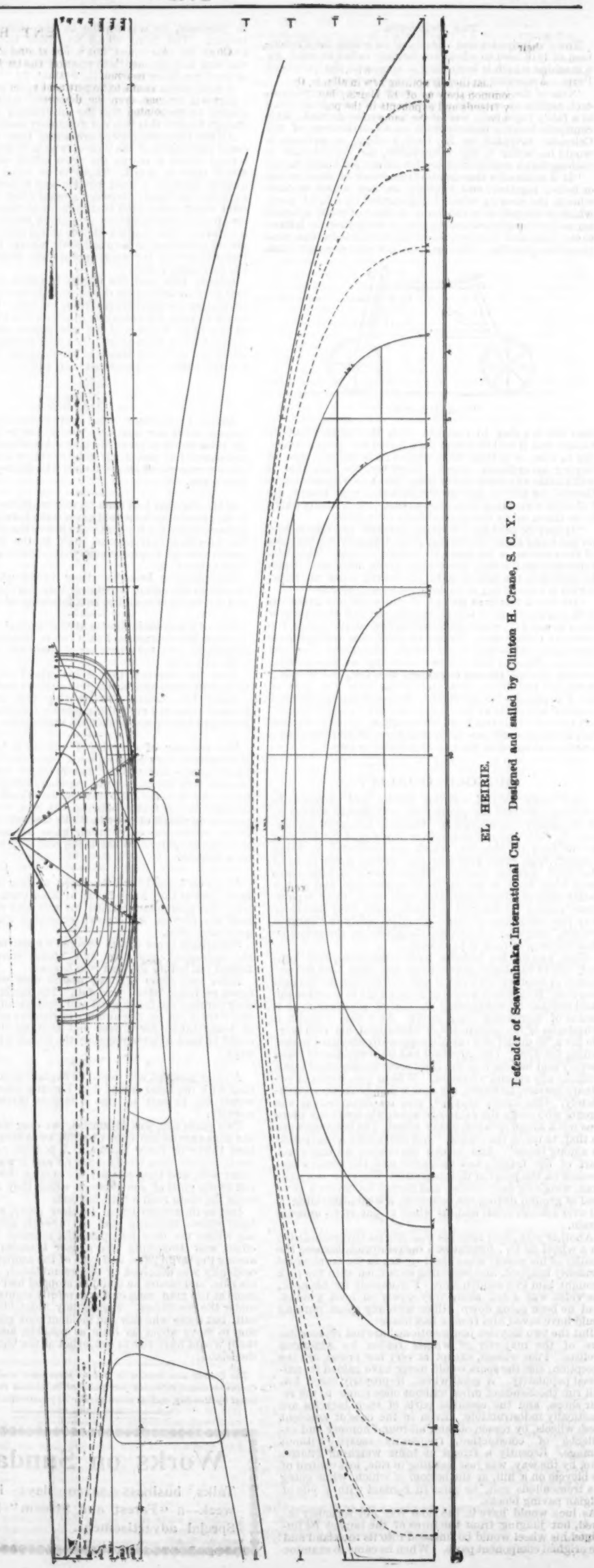
In the normal type of vessel, Ethelwynn, Gloriana, Volunteer, Minerva, America, all more or less of the V type of section, the load waterline as measured at rest in smooth water represents a great length for the size of the yacht; this is so even in the modern Herreshoff type with an excessive area of load water plane. When one of these vessels is heeled to the average sailing angle, the waterline actually shortens forward, though gaining something aft by the long full counter. The middle waterline, the distance measured in practically all measurement rules, is very long in comparison with the area of load waterline plane, and also with the longitudinal element of that plane at the quarter beam of the vessel or along the middle buttock line.

In El Heirie, and to a still greater extent in Glencairn, the measured waterline is reduced to a minimum as compared with the size of the yacht and the area of the l.w.l. plane by the cutting away of the rib or V represented by the stem and keel of an ordinary vessel, and the adoption of the flat scow bottom carried right up to the stemhead. That such a form necessitates a waterline that is but an ellipse, with other lines that no designer would accept as capable of high speed, is a fact that must be discussed later; the main point is that this peculiar variation of the scow form permits such a successful evasion of waterline length as has never been achieved before.

This idea of cheating the waterline measurement has always been most alluring to the racing yachtsman and over-keen designer, and an amount of work has been wasted on it that would have produced excellent results if applied in more reasonable channels of investigation. All sorts of devices have been tried, from the crude and clumsy ones of sawing square notches in the stem and counter up to others that, while less effectual, at least show some little ingenuity. A great deal of utter nonsense was written when Gloriana first appeared over the way in which her designer had cheated the waterline measurement by providing her with long ends far out of water; but it is to-day generally recognized that the evasion of length possible on a yacht of this kind, more or less of the V type, is very small indeed. In the same line of so-called improvement are the recent unsuccessful attempts to build one hull on top of another, the one to fool the measurer, the other to carry sail and develop speed.

In all yachts of the normal type the designer works on the assumption that the hull is to be sailed as nearly upright as possible, that the true l.w.l. plane of the yacht when under way in a race shall coincide as closely as possible with the l.w.l. plane of the design. In the scow type, including El Heirie and Glencairn, a very different principle is involved. It is never expected or desired that the yacht when under sail shall have the same lines indicated by a model, but the designer starts out in a very different manner. While the design is made, as a matter of conventionality and convenience, in the ordinary upright position, the designer assumes from the start that the yacht is to do her best work to windward and reaching in a very different position, heeled intentionally to a good angle, and with an immersed form that bears no relation whatever to the form when at anchor. In the case of El Heirie the effective sailing angle is probably somewhere near that indicated by the line a b, or with deck just awash and center of keel about at the surface of the water. In this position there is still displacement enough in the hard round bilge; the immersed portion of the hull becomes of the canoe form, with a beam of but 3ft. and a depth of but 7in.; and, what is still more important, the length on the new waterline is as great or even greater than that upon the measured waterline.

Long, narrow, shoal and of very easy form, this portion of the hull has all the speed elements of the canoe; but like the canoe, it lacks power. This however is supplied, just as in the canoe, by mechanical means entirely outside of the natural stability of the hull itself. The weather bilge and



EL HEIRIE. Designed and sailed by Clinton H. Crane, S. C. Y. C. Defender of Seawanhaka International Cup.

deck are both out of water and serve a double purpose, first, through their own weight acting as the weather hull of a catamaran to windward, and secondly, again as in the catamaran, as a seat for the crew far out to windward.

It may be said that there is nothing new in all this, that it is as true of the common scow as of El Heirie; but the scow has found many friends and exponents in the past, who have proclaimed its advantages; at the same time we have yet to hear of one who has pointed out this peculiar advantage in the way of successfully evading the measurement of waterline, or who has employed it in a way which indicated any comprehension of it. In both El Heirie and Glencairn this same idea, derived independently and at different times, has been elaborated in a thoroughly careful and scientifical manner, which shows that the designers were not, as is so often the case, misled by the color and texture of the husk, but have faithfully sought the truth in the kernel. Compared with these two yachts the more primitive scow models have been far from successful, mainly in lack of light weather speed, there being no trouble about speed in a strong breeze. In the case of Glencairn a comparison is difficult, owing to the great discrepancy in waterline and sail area between her and the rest of the fleet; but there were a number of the scow type in the trial races of about the same waterline and sail area as El Heirie, but nowhere near her in point of speed.

The experiment of 1891, in cutting off the fore end of the waterline of Gloriana, was a most radical one, but it really involved no new principle, dealing merely with the reduction of deadwood, which, as it proved, was useless, though it had always been considered essential. The experiment of 1896, in El Heirie, in cutting away with one bold stroke what Mr. Herreshoff had left in Gloriana, is still more radical and goes beyond a mere detail in amounting to a clear and well defined principle heretofore unknown in designing. Just how far upward in the list of classes this principle may be employed is as yet doubtful; probably the 25ft. class will mark the extreme limit. It can only be employed where the crew constitutes a large portion or in fact all of the ballast, and in craft so small that the risk of capsize amounts to nothing and they may in racing be heeled to a dangerous angle. It is in no way probable that El Heirie's model would succeed in a yacht of 30 to 40ft. l.w.l., which must of necessity be sailed as nearly upright as possible, and even in the 25ft. class the allowance of crew, five in all, is probably too small to make such an experiment successful. Whatever class be selected for the contest of 1897 for the Seawanhaka cup, there can be no question that this new type of yacht will play an important part, and much more in regard to its capabilities may be looked for. We hope later on to give further particulars as to the rig and fittings of El Heirie.

EXPENSIVE SPORT.

WE reprint the following timely editorial from *The Yachtsman* of July 30:

It will be remembered that a few weeks since we lifted up our voice in protest against the millionaire yachtsman racing aught save an "unrestricted class" yacht. The case of the Niagara's crew is quite to the point; but in calling attention to the absurdity it must not be supposed that Mr. Howard Gould is one whit more guilty of spoiling sport, in our opinion, than many other very wealthy owners of small class racing yachts. We are indeed fully persuaded that he, in common with many "earls and such like," as we once expressed it, sins in utter unconsciousness. That he does great harm to yacht racing by a too good-natured use of a long purse will be acknowledged by all would-be builders for the 52ft. class—outside the pale of earls and millionaires—when they hear that Niagara's ordinary paid hands, six in all, excluding that thorough good skipper, John Barr, receive no less than 30 shillings per week. Besides this standing wage, the men are found in clothes, food, etc., the latter item running to about £1 per week per abdomen; and to more fully recognize the value of a berth aboard Niagara, it must be said that the usual prize money is freely given by Mr. Gould, viz.: £1 per man for every first prize, 10s. for each second prize, and 5s. for third prizes. The salary of the naturalized American-Scotch skipper is not, of course, included in the foregoing, nor have we attempted to pry into the perquisities of his high office, but J. B. can take care of himself full well, and he is not likely to be undervalued by Mr. Howard Gould. Why should he be, for a better sailing master never sailed such a good boat as Niagara? It will be seen that Mr. Gould is unwittingly a spoil-sport through being too generous a governor. We should like to see Mr. Gould the owner of a first-class racing yacht, with John Barr as his captain, and all his present crew in the vessel, at perhaps a reduced rate of emolument. But this example of a 20-rater's or 52-footer's working expenses clearly shows that a move on the part of the Y. R. A. in the matter of fixing a scale of wages and the number of paid hands in all the restricted classes is imperative for the sake of "the promotion of the interests of yacht racing."

The instance above quoted is but one of many modern extravagances which together form a powerful contributory cause against the best interests of yachting. The evil of extravagant expenditure afflicts most impartially all sizes and classes, and is rapidly making the sport too expensive for the very class of men who should be its most powerful patrons. As yachting is conducted to-day, the captain of an ocean-going yacht does not cross the Atlantic in her, but goes, like his master, in the first cabin of a liner; the racing of a 60 or 70ft. schooner requires at least two of the most experienced racing skippers; the 30ft. special class, a Corinthian class if ever there was one, monopolizes the services of such racing cracks as Watson and Crocker, and even a 15-footer must have a professional as crew. It is this sort of yachting which is doing infinitely more harm to the sport than the presence of a poor rule or the absence of a perfect one. It is, for the time being, profitable to the few expert skippers, but we doubt whether in the end it is to the benefit of the professional yacht sailor as a class, both skipper and crew; as long as the boom is on in a particular class it is beneficial to a certain limited number, but on the other hand one need only look through the yards and basins in midsummer and note the number of large yachts out of commission to appreciate the effect on sailor men as a body.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE MEASUREMENT RULE.

COBOURG, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM there appears a letter from a correspondent, Sextant, on the measurement question, which seems to be pertinent at the present time, for I think every one, even the designers of Sothis and Glencairn, is disappointed that the tendency of the length and sail area rule has been to force upon us boats partaking more or less of the nature of brutes with exaggerated sail plans and sawed-off waterlines. It seems to be acknowledged that sail area measurement alone would produce a canoe-shaped boat, long and slim, and almost equally undesirable from a cruiser's point of view, and Sextant as well as the length and sail area men propose to restrain the tendency of the rule by arbitrary restrictions in the dimensions of the hull in the one case and in the sail area in the other.

The proposition to restrict is tantamount to a confession that the existing rule is bad in its tendencies, as also the proposed one, and if so why perpetuate the one and initiate the other? Length as giving finer lines and lessening the tendency to pitch and sceud in a seaway is a speed-giving element in itself independent of its contributing to greater power, and should evidently be taxed to some extent, but the present tax is obviously too heavy as compared with that on sail. Why not then, if the existing rule tends to unduly short boats, and that proposed by Sextant to unduly long and slim ones, adopt some mean between them, such as $\frac{L. + 2\sqrt{S.A.}}{3}$? Such a rule is equally simple in its practical application with the present one, and would have the further advantage of bringing some of the older and more moderately rigged craft into more hopeful competition with the brutes by compelling the latter to reduce their sail plans in order to get into the class at all, while the more snugly rigged boats would need no alteration.

It does not seem to me that direct restrictions are in any way desirable as regards the cardinal dimensions, and if they are applied at all it should be as has been done in several cases to the form of midship section, sheer plan, etc., and not to the dimensions of the circumscribing block or to the driving power. If the sail area, for instance, were restricted in a 15-footer to 250ft. the result would probably be that every boat in the fleet would carry exactly this amount on 14ft. waterline, and the only differences would be some trifling ones in shape of midship section and rig; it would be to all intents and purposes a one-design class, with victory depending upon the personal equation of the crew and to a small extent upon the purse of the owner in enabling him to procure a saving of a few pounds in weight.

And here I think is an element of speed to which some limit might be with propriety applied as discouraging a boat built either at extreme cost or unduly weak and unfit for rough and tumble work. Let us restrict the weight or rather the absence of weight of a 15 footer to that which can be obtained by a skillful builder working with ordinary materials consistently with the production of a reasonably strong and durable boat. I say durable advisedly; for a boat, as has been already proved this season in more than one case, may be quite equal to withstanding the strains of sailing even in a rough sea, but may be almost ruined by being hauled up and exposed to sun and dry air for a few days, or even by exposure to changeable weather at her moorings.

H. K. WICKSTEED.

Corinthian Y. C. Midsummer Series.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15.

THE first race of the Corinthian Y. C. midsummer series was sailed on Aug. 12 in a very light air. The course was shortened to 6½ miles and then the knockabouts did not finish in time. The times were:

25 FOOTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	20.11	1 56 20	1 56 20
Rax, J. B. Farrell	....	2 13 57	.. ..
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.06	2 37 45	2 36 23
Marena, D. Follett, Jr.	20 01	2 40 25	2 39 25
Elvira, Bartlett Bros.	20.05	2 40 40	2 39 51

21-FOOTERS.

Rooster, Adams Bros.	....	2 15 37	.. ..
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr.	....	2 22 50	.. ..
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.06	2 24 05	.. ..
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.01	2 25 08	.. ..
Tacoma, S. N. Small	24.09	2 04 50	.. ..
Natoye, A. C. Usher	....	3 22 00	.. ..

21FT. CLASS.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	2 45 50	.. ..
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	22.07	2 47 15	.. ..
Arab, W. F. Scott	....	3 21 25	.. ..
Edith, F. M. Wood	20.04	3 31 40	.. ..
Comus	....	Withdrew.	

16-FOOTERS.

Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	18.09	3 03 20	.. ..
Bonita, C. W. & C. O. Hood	20.06	3 22 05	.. ..
Fantasy	....	Did not finish.	
Anita	....	Did not finish.	
Swallow	....	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 13 there was no wind, and the race was abandoned. On Aug. 14 a fine N.E. breeze was blowing, and a good race was sailed, the times being:

25 FOOTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rax, J. B Farrell	20.11	1 56 42	1 55 59
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.06	1 58 07	1 56 01
Elvira, Bartlett Bros.	20.05	1 59 31	1 58 15
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	20.11	1 59 04	1 59 04
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	....	2 04 35	.. ..
Romance	....	Withdrew.	
Marena	....	Withdrew.	

21-FOOTERS.

Satanac, W. Daly, Jr.	23.11	1 56 20	1 51 20
Rooster, Adams Bros.	21.01	1 56 06	1 51 38
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.01	1 54 20	1 53 30
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.06	1 55 34	1 54 04
Tacoma, S. N. Small	24.09	1 54 52	1 54 34
Exile, A. H. Higginson	23.04	1 59 47	1 57 57
Tedesco, C. C. Morse, Jr.	....	2 09 37	.. ..

21FT. CATS.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	1 18 00	1 16 36
Arab, W. F. Scott	....	1 23 11	.. ..
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	22.04	1 25 15	1 24 21
Egeria, R. Tucker	23.05	1 25 28	1 25 28
Comus, Dr. Kittredge	....	1 34 57	.. ..
Koorali, R C. Robbins	....	Disabled.	

17-FOOTERS.

Bonita, C. O Hood	20.06	1 30 25	1 29 25
Fantasy, W. Allerton	17.11	1 28 00	1 25 04
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	....	Disabled.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	....	1 35 36	.. ..
Bo Peep, Clark & North	....	1 36 13	.. ..
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	....	1 37 01	.. ..
Maia, E. Paine	....	1 39 26	.. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	1 39 35	.. ..
Dorothy, F. Brewster	....	1 39 42	.. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	....	1 39 49	.. ..
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	....	1 40 40	.. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	....	1 40 55	.. ..
Robo, T. W King	....	1 42 34	.. ..
Mayona, C. O Stearns	....	1 46 41	.. ..
Airuna, Lambert Bros.	....	1 47 38	.. ..
Nika, C. A. Cooley	....	1 48 34	.. ..
Ruth, R. Wiggin	....	1 48 55	.. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	Disabled.	

Aug. 15 brought another day of light airs, resulting in a drifting match, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.06	3 15 25	3 13 00
Z-ruah, G. C. Curtis	33.05	5 01 40	5 01 40
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	38.08	5 12 08	5 08 59
Arbutus	....	Did not finish.	
Barnacle	....	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS.

Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.00	3 25 08	3 20 19
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.07	4 16 45	4 15 40
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr.	23.05	4 51 55	4 51 55
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.01	4 52 25	4 50 00
Tacoma	....	Did not finish.	
Wawanda	....	Did not finish.	
Natoye	....	Did not finish.	

In the morning, starting at 9:10 o'clock, the knockabouts sailed off the postponed race of Aug. 12.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	21.00	2 19 18
Bo Peep, Clark & North	21.00	2 27 05
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 27 08
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 37 27
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	21.00	2 38 51
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 41 14
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	21.00	2 51 40
Maria, Everett Paine	21.00	2 53 49

The Lake Erie Regattas.

THE two days' racing of the Erie Y. C. resulted greatly to the advantage of the Canadian yachts. The first day, Aug. 6, was devoted to the larger classes, there being a fine S.W. breeze. The result was:

FIRST CLASS.

Canada	2 11 00	Scorpion	2 46 00

40FT. CLASS.

Dinah	2 31 00	Iris	2 43 00
Vivia	2 38 00		

35FT. CLASS.

Eve	Withdrew	Puritan	Withdrew
Miriam	Withdrew		

30FT. CLASS.

Hiawatha	2 26 00	Dowkey	2 48 00
Myrna	2 34 00	Nox	2 51 00

On the second day, Aug. 7, the races for the 25ft. and 15ft. classes were sailed. Sybil, of Buffalo, won, with Rogue, of Erie, second, in the 25ft. class. Arab, of Erie, won the 15ft. class.

On Aug 8 Vencedor arrived at Cleveland after a hard passage from Chicago, and next morning Canada arrived from Erie and anchored near her. On Aug. 10 a reception was tendered to the visiting yachtsmen by the Cleveland Y. C., with a review of the fleet by Com. Worthington from the schooner Priscilla. After the review and when many of the ninety yachts in harbor were left partly unattended, a very violent squall broke over the harbor and swept through the fleet. The schooner Clipper, of Cleveland, was capsized and sunk; Sprite, of Toledo, capsized, with Volant and Pearl; Eva and Dinah, of Hamilton, were swept up on the beach; Nox, of Rochester, lost her bowsprit, and many other yachts were damaged. When the squall struck Vencedor had her clubtopsail aloft in order that a photo might be taken, and she was caught with this sail up and the wire halyards jammed in the block. The sail could not be lowered for some time, but the yacht went through the squall safely.

The first races of the Cleveland Y. C. regatta were set for Aug. 11, but the wind fell soon after the start, and the races were postponed. On the next day there was a good breeze and the races of the 46, 40 and 25ft. classes were sailed, the times being:

46-FOOTERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Canada	2 35 13	2 35 00
Zelma	2 38 21	2 37 30
Surprise	2 51 05	2 50 14
Csarina	2 51 47	2 51 47

40-FOOTERS.

Vivia	2 41 16	2 40 02
Dinah	2 42 37	2 40 15
Sultana	2 46 58	2 46 53

25-FOOTERS.

Sybil	2 38 37	2 38 37
Test	2 45 18	2 42 18
Whim	2 48 50	2 45 45
Volant	2 50 26	2 48 45
Sprite	2 48 20	2 37 00

On Aug. 13 the wind was strong from N.E., with a heavy sea. The races were for the 55ft., 35ft. and 30ft. classes, the elapsed times being:

55FT. CLASS.

Vencedor	2 48 00	Vananna	3 18 00
Vreda	3 16 00		

35FT. CLASS.

Eva	2 48 00	Corsair	....
Shamrock	4 01 00	Cynthia	....
Mona	4 04 00	Dawn	....
Nadia	....	Alert	....
Alborak	....	Meteor	....

30FT. CLASS.

Hiawatha	2 48 00	Nora	....
Myrna	2 49 00	Viking	....

Vananna lost her topmast.

On Aug. 14 the fleet sailed for Put-in-Bay.

Shelter Island Y. C.

GREENPORT HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE second special regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed in Greenport Harbor on Aug. 15 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

SLOOPS—CLASS D.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Consternation	3 08 00	4 09 20	3 01 20
Lynx	3 07 57	4 08 25	1 58 13
Dilemma	3 08 00	4 08 10	1 58 55

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

Curdas	2 09 27	4 15 56	2 06 29
Aeolus	2 10 30	4 15 08	1 59 59
Vinata	2 10 49	4 16 36	2 02 47

CATBOATS—CLASS 3.

Elsket	2 13 42	4 19 34	2 05 59
Dandy	2 13 58	4 17 08	2 02 05
Sequel	2 12 56	4 16 49	2 02 56

HALF RATERS.

Nuera	2 08 23	3 23 08	1 14 43
Bantam	2 07 30	3 35 18	1 24 59

Lake Cobbosseecontee.

ON Aug. 12 a race was sailed on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me., the times being:

SWEEPSTAKES.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vega, Capt. Smith	1 49 48	1 19 21

FIRST CLASS.

Mollie O, R. W. Soule	1 44 07	1 24 09
Undine, W. H. Small	1 48 15	1 27 53
Gretchen, S. E. Robinson	1 40 15	1 29 56
Hilda, W. H. Reid	2 06 52	1 46 29

SECOND CLASS.

Vega, Capt. Smith	1 49 45	1 19 21
Greta, O. Smith	1 51 14	1 28 36
White Wings, D. C. Robinson	1 57 08	1 34 15
Innis, C. C. Hunt	2 04 45	1 39 44
Etta Pearl, S. K. Smith	2 11 35	1 48 27

THIRD CLASS.

Lizzie W., H. Breed	1 37 00	1 11 11

CANOE CLASS.

Inez May	1 46 15	.. ..

Green Harbor Fisherman's Association.

THE first regatta of the Green Harbor Fisherman's Association was sailed on Aug. 14 in a light N.E. breeze, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald, F. E Lowe	18.10	1 38 58	1 21 31
Fly, Dana Blockman	20.00	1 40 28	1 24 34
No Name, Dan Simmons	16.05	1 53 06	1 43 08
Petite, R. M. Burbank	18.08	Did not finish.	

FIRST CLASS SPRITSAILS.

Mary Jane, Geo. Deiano	16.05	1 40 19	1 26 52
Kanaka, H. P. Tolman	17.00	1 40 11	1 30 31
Hera, J. McDuffee	16.08	1 55 40	1 45 41

LARGE SAILING DORIES.

Will Cushing	15.00	1 41 43	1 20 30
Geo. Cushing	15.08	1 50 51	1 30 30
Henry Phillips	18.00	1 49 00	1 40 54
Allen Taylor	19.00	Did not finish.	
Fred Keene	15.08	Did not finish.	

The 30ft. Class at Newport.

The last day of the New York Y. C. cruise, Aug. 11, was devoted to the 30ft. class, Fleet Capt. Griswold having presented a handsome silver cup as a prize for a special race. The course was from Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island and return, 16 miles. The morning was very calm and quiet, but when the start was made at 1:55 there was a light S.W. wind, making a run to first mark. The times at the turn were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Asahi	3 10 30	1 10 30
Hera	3 11 45	1 11 45
Esperanza	3 12 35	1 12 35
Puck	3 12 58	1 12 58
Carolina	3 13 00	1 13 00
Raccoon	3 14 08	1 14 08
Wawa	3 14 30	1 14 30
Musme	3 14 45	1 14 45
Rosemary	3 14 50	1 14 50
Vaquero	3 15 08	1 15 08

On the return to windward Asahi improved her position and won very easily, in spite of touching a rock off the Cotuit shore. The new Sibbick boat, Rosemary, did very poorly. The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	4 45 00	2 45 00
Hera	4 50 10	2 50 10
Esperanza	4 53 30	2 53 30
Musme	4 54 35	2 54 35
Carolina	4 54 58	2 54 58
Vaquero	4 55 50	2 55 50
Puck	4 59 10	2 59 10
Raccoon	5 00 25	3 00 25
Wawa	Not timed.	
Rosemary	Not timed.	

On Aug. 12 a race was sailed over the same course for the Duryea cup, the wind being moderate from S.W. After a start at 2:30 and a run down wind the times at the turn were:

Asahi	3 44 10	Raccoon	3 45 50
Carolina	3 45 12	Esperanza	3 45 55
Puck	3 45 25	Musme	3 46 02
Hera	3 45 30	Wawa	3 46 15
Vaquero	3 45 42	Dorothy	3 47 45

On the beat home Hera did very good work, but Asahi again won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 07 00	2 30 07
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 00 55	2 30 55
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 01 55	2 31 55
Carolina, P. Jones	5 02 20	2 32 20
Musme, J. McDonough	5 03 40	2 33 40
Raccoon, Mr. Hostetter	5 04 25	2 34 25
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 05 07	2 35 07
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 05 50	2 35 50
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 12 40	2 42 40
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 13 a sweepstakes race was arranged over the triangular course, two rounds, the wind being light S.W. Dorothy led over the first round, but Hera won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	4 53 55	2 00 55
Vaquero III	4 54 45	2 04 45
Dorothy II	4 55 15	2 05 15
Esperanza	4 57 18	2 07 18
Wawa	4 58 30	2 08 30
Asahi	4 58 55	2 08 55
Musme	4 59 10	2 09 00
Raccoon	Did not finish.	
Carolina	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 14 the yachts sailed for a cup given by Mr. Thayer, the Dyers Island course being sailed, to windward and return. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	5 31 55	2 46 58
Vaquero	5 36 12	2 51 12
Hera	5 47 00	2 51 00
Musme	5 41 57	2 56 57
Carolina	5 45 55	3 00 55
Wawa	5 49 02	3 04 02
Esperanza	Did not finish.	
Dorothy	Did not finish.	
Raccoon	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 15 the fleet raced at Bristol for a cup given by Mr. Van Winkle, the race being sailed in a good breeze. Vaquero won, with Hera second, and Musme third.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The Minnetonka Y. C. spent Aug. 8 most pleasantly with a combined cruise and race, the members turning out for the cruise in steam yachts and sailing craft; a number of the latter being entered for the race to the picnic ground on one of the islands. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Kite	11 05 05	12 46 10	1 39 48
Alpha	11 06 27	12 48 59	1 42 43
Swift	11 06 30	12 58 39	1 50 28
Siren	11 05 45	1 00 57	1 55 11
Katrina	11 06 22	1 02 34	1 54 40
Charlotte	11 05 56	1 02 25	1 55 47
Argo	11 06 58	1 04 45	1 57 47
Alcyone	11 06 22	1 06 20	1 57 47
Marie	11 06 20	Did not finish.	
Annette	11 06 12	Did not finish.	

CLASS B—MEDIUM SLOOPS.

Beatrice	10 55 24	12 48 23	1 52 50
Answer	10 55 12	12 56 46	1 59 58
Bird	10 55 24	1 01 41	2 02 35
Sleipnir	10 55 25	1 12 31	2 15 50
White Crows	10 57 25	1 14 40	2 17 15
Soncy	10 57 41	Did not finish.	

CLASS C—BIG CATS.

Varuna	10 55 25	12 45 41	1 50 05
Daphne	10 47 04	12 51 26	2 04 22
Pinafore	10 55 57	12 56 40	1 51 49
Aurora	10 56 07	12 54 19	1 57 25
Wasp	10 56 25	1 08 20	2 11 55
Ida	10 56 11	1 18 32	2 22 21

CLASS D—SMALL CATS.

Oswa	10 48 10	1 09 47	2 15 16
Imp	10 46 25	1 15 30	2 29 05
Irma	10 46 05	1 31 12	2 45 07

SPECIAL CLASS—SMALL SLOOPS.

Hurrah	10 46 40	1 08 45	2 22 05
Arrow	10 55 50	1 09 44	2 11 58
Magic Slipper	10 47 02	1 15 12	2 25 44
Papoose	10 45 34	Did not finish.	

After a couple of hours on the island the party sailed home on the yachts.

The Sinking of Hawthorne.

The schooner yacht Hawthorne, owned by Messrs. B. F. and John McConnell, of Chicago, the largest yacht on Lake Michigan with the exception of the old Idler, was sunk in collision with a lake steamer on the night of Aug. 5, the yacht proving a total loss, though all hands were saved. The story of the disaster, as told by Capt. M. Henderson, the yacht's skipper, is as follows:

I am the captain of the schooner yacht Hawthorne, owned by Messrs. B. F. and John McConnell. She was about four years old, 70ft. long, 14ft. 10in. beam, and with a tonnage of about 88 tons.

We had started out about 9 or 10 o'clock A. M. for a day's sail, and we had as passengers Mr. and Mrs. John McConnell, a couple of their friends, and about eleven children. We cruised up and down the lake all day, and about 6 o'clock we landed the passengers at Grace street and at Hawthorne place, when we started back for Chicago and our anchorage.

The wind, as I remember it, was about S.W., and just at the east end of the Government pier we were sailing W.S.W., standing in toward the river on a port tack. I am sure our light was burning, and that we had our light screens up.

We had seen the Iowa standing out from the mouth of the river and supposed that, of course, she had seen us, for we had been on the port tack for six or seven minutes, lying only four points off the wind. It seemed, as we approached her, that she had intended to cross our bow, and she certainly threw her helm to the starboard. That made her swing to port and she struck us square in the port side and we sunk in three minutes. If she had kept her course it seems to me almost certain that she would have passed us astern.

Our men were all on deck and we jumped for the fender streaks and one of us caught on the anchor chains. A moment or so later they threw us a line and we climbed on deck.

The steamer Iowa is a new boat, a powerful wooden propeller; she was off the breakwater heading out from Chicago naturally the steamboat men lay the blame entirely on the yacht.

American Y. C. Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The American Y. C. held a special regatta for the classes of 30ft. and under on Aug. 15, sailing over the triangle marked by Parsonage Point, Red Springs Point and Larchmont. The start was given at 12:30 in a light easterly air and very strong tide, only four yachts, Acushla, Departure, Zelica and Quantuck, being able to cross the line on time, over twenty others being handicapped. The race was very fluky and uneven. The final times were:

30FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Departure	12 35 00	3 10 59	2 35 59	2 32 35
Acushla	12 35 00	3 06 08	2 31 08	2 31 08

25FT. CABIN CATS.

Estelle	12 40 00	4 08 18	3 28 18	3 27 37
Onaway	12 40 00	4 08 30	3 28 30	3 28 30

25FT. CABIN CATS.

Presto	12 40 00	4 13 48	3 33 48	3 29 14
Weasel	12 40 00	4 10 37	3 30 37	3 30 37
Scat	12 40 00	3 56 58	3 16 58	3 12 18
Penelope	12 40 00	4 05 29	3 25 29	3 25 18
Grace	12 40 00	4 09 34	3 29 34	3 24 54

25FT. OPEN CATS.

Edwina	12 40 00	4 11 43	3 31 43	3 31 43
Zelica	12 38 30	4 04 36	3 25 36	3 24 46
Dorothy	12 40 00	4 12 04	3 32 04	3 29 12

21-FOOTERS.

Celia	12 45 00	3 45 56	3 00 56	3 00 56
Houri	12 45 00	3 44 55	2 59 55	2 59 55
Vaquero	12 45 00	3 47 55	3 02 55	3 02 55
Maysie	12 45 00	Did not finish.		

ONE-RATERS.

Eos	12 40 00	4 11 23	3 31 23	3 31 23
Q. E. Z.	12 40 00	4 08 07	3 28 07	3 28 07

HALF-RATERS.

Yola	12 45 00	4 10 24	3 25 24	. . ..
Hope	12 45 00	4 10 32	3 25 32	. . ..
Trilby	12 45 00	4 09 05	3 24 05	. . ..
Paprika	12 45 00	4 01 32	3 16 32	. . ..

25FT. CABIN SLOOPS.

Quantuck	12 30 34	3 53 36	3 13 02	. . ..
Olga	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
Virginia	12 40 00	Did not finish.		

30FT. OPEN CATS.

Edna	12 40 00	4 07 34	3 27 34	. . ..

The regatta committee included Messrs. Stuyvesant Walnright, Thomas Diamond, H. de B. Parsons and J. Howard Walnwright.

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Bayswater Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Aug. 15 on Jamaica Bay, the wind being fresh from the south. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harvey N., Althouse	1 30 50	3 33 04	2 02 14	2 02 14
Moriches, E. H. Mott	1 30 26	3 40 35	2 10 19	1 59 09
Cyclone, Cyrus Mott	1 30 53	Did not finish.		

FIRST CLASS CATS.

Lillie S., Scheer	1 35 05	3 48 45	2 13 40	2 13 40
Viking, Althouse	Did not finish.			
Peach, Rigby	Disabled.			

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Aurisa, Nichols	1 37 25	3 54 17	2 16 52	2 16 52
Mattie, Dollard	1 36 57	3 53 09	2 16 12	2 16 42
Meta, Pettit	1 38 00	4 00 33	2 22 33	2 22 33
Chico, Bossert	1 36 47	4 04 40	2 32 53	2 32 53
Genette, Otis	1 36 34	4 03 47	2 27 13	2 27 13

SHARPIES.

Marion, Moller	1 39 04	2 57 20	1 17 55	1 18 25
Little Deer, Richmond	1 39 25	3 19 14	1 39 49	1 39 49
Maggie, O'Kane	1 39 43	2 57 45	1 18 02	1 18 02
Cornelia, Buckley	1 40 35	3 16 18	1 38 28	1 38 28

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Aug. 10.

The Manchester Y. C. sailed its annual open regatta on Aug. 10 in a very light breeze, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anoatok, J. Owens, Jr.	....	3 07 35	2 30 15
Handsel, G. R. Hooper	....	3 09 00	2 34 07
Mabelle F. Swift, C. E. Bruce	....	3 06 40	2 35 20

FIRST CLASS.

Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	25.06	3 08 48	2 43 29	
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	3 11 24	2 52 13	
Elvira, Bartlett Bros.	25.04	3 53 27	3 10 05	

SECOND CLASS.

Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.06	3 03 56	2 34 04	
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	22.02	3 00 05	2 39 43	
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	3 17 25	2 50 51	

The third, fourth and knockabout classes were unable to finish within limit.

On Aug. 11 the special invitation race of the club was sailed, but failed for lack of wind, and was postponed to Aug. 28.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed its fourth club race on Aug. 15 in a very light easterly breeze, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Harolde	3 10 00	6 11 50	2 57 43
Clara	3 10 00	6 12 10	2 57 43
Alma	3 10 00	6 33 23	2 48 17
Myrtle	3 10 00	6 27 31	3 17 31
Erycina	Withdrew.		

THIRD CLASS.

Harriet	3 15 00	5 27 13	1 42 31
Eclipse	Withdrew.		

FOURTH CLASS.

Unknown	3 20 00	6 30 00	2 40 30
Jessie	Withdrew.		

RATER CLASS.

W. H. Gardner	3 35 00	4 35 05	1 00 05
Ridgeway	3 25 00	4 38 00.	1 13 00
S. J. Wild	3 25 00	5 05 00	1 40 00
L. S. Weston	3 25 00	4 52 50	1 32 00

The final race will be sailed on Labor Day.

Beverly Y. C.

The attempt to sail the 238th race at Marblehead resulted in a great disappointment. Almost every boat of reputation was entered and forty of the best of them were on hand and started, but except for a breath on starting line there was no wind whatever, and not a boat made the race in time; the race will be resailed Aug. 29. Following boats started:

Special Class: Anaotok, Handsel, Mabel F. Swift.
First Class Sloops: Ida J., Beatrice, Emma C.
Second Class Cats: Clara, Marena, Susie, Elvira, Rex and Moondyne.
Third Class Cats: Koorall, Egeria, Magpie, Cleonatra, Arab.
Third Class Sloops: Gleaner, Rooster, Tacoma, Exit, Wawanda and Romance.
Knockabouts: Torpedo, Water Lily, Dorathy, Cock Robin, Bo Peep, Sally, Maie, Airuna, Ruth and Comet.
Fourth Class: Sunbeam, Fantasy, Bonita, Circe, Alpine.

Sothis at Ogdensburgh.

Cobourg, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that in the current issue of your paper, commenting on the Ogdensburgh races, you say that the principal wonder is that Sothis did not dispose more easily of her opponent, Vesper, and in a delicate manner you insinuate that the "green hand" forward (that's me) was partially responsible. In justice to Mr. Duggan, Sothis and the foremast hand, allow me to say that the latter found on dismantling the boat that she had picked up quite a bunch of weeds on her rudder, on the shoal off the Oswegatchie River, which was probably more detrimental to her speed than even the prolonged struggle of the crew with the balloon jib, on a deck sloping off at an angle of 40 degrees with the horizontal. No offense, old fellow, but I would like to stand on the deck of the judges' boat myself and see the editor of Forest and Stream in a similar position.

Green Hand.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The fifth regatta of the Fox Lake Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 8, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Hornet	3 16 06	4 28 56	1 12 05
Windward	3 14 35	4 29 22	1 24 47
Joker	3 11 05	4 30 57	1 17 07
Frances M.	3 12 58	4 27 48	1 13 22
Anna	3 13 18	4 26 34	1 08 05
Marcella	3 14 02	4 30 19	1 11 11
Sleepy Tom	3 12 02	4 23 29	1 03 46
Gold Bug	3 11 18	4 26 53	1 06 08
Nellie G.	3 13 35	4 37 28	1 24 03

SECOND CLASS.

Vixen	3 18 00	4 24 44	1 06 09
Grimalkin	3 27 59	4 34 22	0 56 33
Lorna Doone	3 20 54	4 12 01	0 49 47

Gold Bug is a new yacht just built by Bowers & Douglas, of Waukegan, a duplicate of the successful Sleepy Tom.

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Savin Hill Y. C. sailed the second race for the Damon cup on Aug. 15 in a very light wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 56 44	1 49 14
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	2 11 51	2 00 31
Esker, C. H. Clark	2 11 02	2 00 32
Mad Cap, C. E. Main	2 14 42	2 02 12
Marietta, C. T. Jones	2 17 38	2 04 38
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn	2 27 30	2 14 30
Eulalie	Not timed.	
Siko	Not timed.	
Wild Duck	Not timed.	
Primrose	Not timed.	
Hermione	Not timed.	
Smash	Not timed.	
Georgie	Not timed.	

Squantum Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed the first race of the second series for the Burkhardt cups on Aug. 15 in a light east wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	21.00	2 10 22	1 44 36
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.08	2 18 12	2 01 59
Nalad Queen, C. M. Smith	29.04	2 22 28	2 03 00
Pagomet, H. Flood	21.04	2 29 03	2 04 29

SECOND CLASS.

Velma, J. F. Small	14.09	2 11 33	1 38 08
Locia, E. A. Merrill	18.05	2 09 53	1 41 16
West Wind, C. F. Marr	16.03	2 28 56	1 57 17
Burgess, F. Burgess	19.05	2 29 12	2 01 42
Arcturus, G. S. Hollowell	19.07	2 33 03	2 05 44
Yoelande, G. E. Emerson	16.08	2 50 33	2 19 30
Emily		Did not finish.	
Unone		Did not finish.	
Tina		Did not finish.	

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The new Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its first open regatta on Aug. 15 in a light N.E. breeze, the times being:

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Linda, Wilbur	2 16 59	2 09 59
Vireo, Forbes	2 16 54	2 10 51
Captain, Ferris	2 39 35	2 30 35

CATBOAT CLASS.

Addie, Eldridge	. . ..	2 22 43

SPIRITSAIL CLASS.

Dude, Hibbard	1 42 33	1 42 12
——, Wilbur	1 43 26	1 42 32
Try, Harding	1 50 34	1 50 28
Florence, Ferris	1 54 23	1 54 05

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The special regatta of the Stamford Y. C. for catboats brought out only four starters out of eleven entries. The race was sailed in a light easterly wind, the times being:

30-FOOTERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dosoris II	11 35 00	3 45 00	4 10 00	. . ..
Narda	11 35 00	3 50 17	4 15 17	4 07 47

25-FOOTERS.

Nan	11 40 00	3 47 48	4 07 48	. . ..

20-FOOTERS.

Gosbird	11 45 00	Did not finish.

Newport Kat Bote Klub.

The Kat Bote Klub, of Newport, sailed a race for catboats on Aug with three starters: Iris, formerly Mucilage, R. L. Gerry; Infanta, W. T. Davies, and Victor, Alfred Vanderbilt. The course was from off Goat Island, around Beaver Tail, thence around Brenton's Reef Lightship and home, sailed in a fresh breeze. Iris won and Infanta was disqualified for fouling Victor. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Iris	2 34 00	4 41 31	2 07 31
Victor	2 34 00	4 46 02	2 14 02
Infanta	2 34 00	4 47 46	2 13 46

Messrs. Stephen Peabody and W. J. Henderson acted as judges.

Charlotte R. and Sadie.

On Aug. 8 a match race was sailed between the two Chicago yachts, Charlotte R., owned by George Middleton, and Sadie, owned by C. M. Smalley; the course being 15 miles on the lake. The wind was fresh from the south and the times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Time.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Charlotte R.	2 05 41	4 24 55	2 19 14	Scratch	2 19 14
Sadie	2 05 14	4 28 21	2 23 07	0 03 58	2 23 09

Charlottte R. wins by 3:55, corrected time. Valiant has challenged Charlotte R. for a similar match.

Canoeing.

Grindstone Island.

The opening of the camp on Aug. 14 was signalized by the arrival of a number of well-known canoeists, and since then every day has brought increased arrivals, with a promise of a large attendance and pleasant camp. There is still plenty of time for those who have decided to stay home to change their minds, a night in the train and at camp early next morning. The races begin on Aug. 20.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
G. Clinton Mackenzie	Elizabeth, N. J.	——
Andrew Devine	Washington, D. C.	Washington.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Thos. L. Leonard	Syracuse, N. Y.	——
Geo. G. McAdam	Rome, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 8.—The following scores were made to-day in a rather changeable wind by the members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club: Conditions: 200yds off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

J G Germann	7	8	9	10	7	6	8	6	8	6	6—75
	10	9	6	7	7	6	7	7	10	5	5—74
	6	9	5	9	6	6	6	8	10	8	8—73
Geo Shaffer	10	7	6	7	6	6	10	7	9	7	7—75
	8	5	7	6	8	7	9	9	5	10	7—74
	9	6	5	8	6	10	5	10	8	5	7—72
John Stidham	8	6	10	6	8	5	6	10	8	5	7—72
	8	6	8	7	5	8	10	8	6	10	7—71
	7	5	10	6	5	4	9	9	8	6	6—69
Capt Bacon	8	6	9	5	5	8	9	8	10	6	7—74
	6	5	9	7	7	5	8	8	9	6	6—67
	5	5	5	9	8	8	7	9	8	5	5—65
W F Treiber	4	7	7	8	9	6	5	10	6	6	6—68
	5	7	8	9	6	8	6	7	8	4	6—68
	8	5	5	7	7	10	6	7	7	6	6—69
Chas Van Etten	5	6	9	6	10	7	7	7	9	6	6—72
	9	7	5	5	7	7	7	8	8	3	6—66
	5	1	6	7	7	10	10	5	6	7	6—64
G C Rahn	5	2	8	5	9	8	9	10	6	10	7—72
	7	9	7	9	5	8	4	8	6	6	6—69
	5	8	2	6	2	8	7	6	5	8	5—57
J F Leyer	10	6	2	8	7	10	10	5	3	6	6—67
	8	4	6	8	7	3	6	10	7	5	6—64
	7	5	5	3	4	4	6	6	4	5	4—49
W B Patton	5	7	4	5	4	8	7	4	4	9	5—57
	4	4	7	4	6	5	5	8	5	5	6—54
	5	5	3	8	5	5	5	6	4	4	4—50
E S Noyes	6	3	4	4	8	8	3	10	8	5	5—58
	5	4	4	8	5	4	5	5	9	5	5—54
	4	4	1	7	5	4	9	5	6	5	5—50
W J Leyer	6	4	8	9	5	6	6	4	5	3	3—56
	4	5	6	5	9	3	4	3	8	4	4—51
	6	5	1	3	3	4	4	8	4	2	4—40
H Thompson	6	4	5	6	6	4	3	8	8	2	3—52
	2	1	5	6	8	3	3	3	5	5	5—41
	3	5	3	2	1	7	3	3	3	3	3—33

Aug. 13.—The annual election of officers was held to-day, the following gentlemen being chosen: President, W. J. Leeyer; Vice-President, Dr. A. C. Wheeler; Secretary, G. C Rahn; Treasurer, W. B. Patton; Captain, J. Bacon; Lieutenant, John Stidham.

Aug. 15.—At the regular practice shoot to-day the following scores were made:

200yds, off-hand, 7-ring black:

J G Germann	7	8	7	7	6	10	8	7	8	8—76	
	7	5	5	8	5	7	10	10	10	6—73	
	7	9	6	7	8	5	5	7	8	10—72	
Geo Shaffer	7	6	8	6	6	10	7	6	7	10—76	
	7	8	7	9	7	8	6	8	7	7—74	
Jno Stidman	6	9	7	9	7	9	5	8	3	9	6—71
	7	7	7	6	6	9	8	7	9	6—74	
	5	7	10	8	5	5	6	9	7	10—72	
	7	5	10	8	7	7	5	6	7	10—79	
W F Treiber	10	5	6	9	8	6	9	8	9	7—77	
	7	8	10	3	7	7	10	9	7	3—69	
	6	8	8	6	8	7	9	4	6	6—68	
Capt J Bacon	7	10	8	6	9	5	6	8	4	8—71	
	6	5	7	8	8	6	8	8	7	6—69	
	5	5	5	6	4	5	9	10	9	4—62	
W J Leyer	9	6	3	10	7	6	10	8	5	6—70	
	4	7	10	9	4	6	6	8	9	4—67	
	5	5	10	7	5	7	5	7	3	8—64	
Dr A C Wheeler	8	6	5	6	8	9	6	10	8	5—71	
	9	7	7	8	6	8	7	3	5	5—65	
	3	6	6	7	5	10	9	5	8	7—61	
C Van Etten	10	7	5	9	7	7	5	5	5	5—65	
	8	7	9	4	4	10	4	6	5	7—64	
	8	5	6	4	10	4	8	9	5	5—64	
F Derby	9	7	3	8	5	9	3	6	10	5—65	
	8	6	7	6	10	4	5	6	6	7—65	
	6	5	10	7	5	7	6	8	3	5—62	
W B Patton	3	9	10	10	4	8	9	6	5	4—68	
	10	6	10	4	5	6	5	5	5	5—61	
	8	4	7	8	4	6	3	5	8	6—59	
Chas Froess	3	8	7	9	5	6	9	6	5	7—66	
	8	10	5	4	6	7	8	4	7	5—64	
	3	6	5	1	8	10	7	9	6	3—58	
G C Rahn	1	4	8	5	7	9	10	7	4	6—61	
	6	8	5	5	8	8	4	4	7	2—57	
	5	4	8	6	6	6	3	5	6	5—54	
J F Leyer	4	6	2	5	8	7	9	7	5	9—62	
	7	5	8	10	3	5	5	8	3	4—53	
	8	3	2	5	5	8	7	6	5	4—53	
S Ormsby	8	3	4	8	5	3	1	7	6	0—45	
	5	6	7	0	5	3	4	5	3	5—43	
	6	3	2	5	5	8	9	5	0	0—43	

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 9.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, German ring target:

Gindele.

23 24 22 20 16 23 19 22 24 18—211 24 20 19 24 20 21 25 20 18 18—209
21 21 19 23 23 20 16 25 24 13—204 21 20 21 22 15 14 21 21 23 19—197

Weinheimer.

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21 5 15 15 22 21 19 21 16 16—171 16 16 18 14 19 19 17 16 13 22—170

Payne.

16 23 23 25 25 21 18 23 25 18—217 24 19 24 24 19 23 18 20 20 19—210
19 19 25 22 24 16 19 15 25 18—202 20 18 20 20 21 20 21 18 21 22—201

Hasenzahl

18 22 21 19 19 19 23 19 24 23—207 22 19 23 21 23 23 19 16 15 20—201
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Simon.

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Roberts.

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Randall.

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Late News from Bisley.

LONDON, England, Aug. 7.—Owing to a delay in the statistics department, we were unable previously to give the result of the Whitehead Revolver Challenge Cup competition which took place on the last day of the Bisley meeting. It was instituted three years ago, for teams of eight men from the army, the navy, the volunteers and all comers, as they call the civilian team. Mr. Walter Winans has captained the civilian team each year, but this is the first year the team has won it, owing to his being able to get eight good shots; he has always had the best four or five shots at Bisley in his team, but the rest were such bad shots that they spoilt the team. This year he was able to get together a better lot, and they won the cup.

In 1894 the volunteers won it, and in 1895 the army; so it will be the turn for the navy next year.

Conditions: 12 shots at 200yds., stationary target, and 12 shots at 500yds., stationary target.

All Comers' team: Capt. Walter Winans, W. R. Joynt, A. Rosling, P. A. Morris, Lord Cairns, H. Andrews and Dudley Wilson.

Volunteer team: Capt. Col. MacKerrell, J. Muirhead, J. E. Martin, J. H. Scott, Capt. Heath, Maj. Palmer, Lieut. Clemence, Maj. Munday and Capt. Gripper. (Col. MacKerrell did not shoot, but only captained.)

Army team: Capt. Dutton Hunt (did not shoot), Capt. Lloyd, Capt. Pritchard, Lieut. Staunton, Maj. Cowan, Lieut. Bonham, Lieut. Etches, Wallingford and Capt. Stuart.

Navy team: Capt Bumbery (did not shoot), Thompson, Bumbery, Beale, Hall, Eade, Pickard, Bedford and Sullivan.

At the North London Rifle Club shooting was resumed on July 29 at the 30yds. stationary target; the following scores were made: Walter Winans 40, Capt. Evans 38, Lieut. Curley 38, W. B. Thompson 38, Holmes 37, W. Luff 35, Chicken 34, Andrews 33, T. H. Howe 31, Lieut. Curley 30, Knapp 27, Britton 27.

Carrying a Revolver.

HINTS FOR SHERIFFS, POLICE, EXPRESS MESSENGERS, MINE GUARDS AND OTHERS WHO CARRY A GUN.

DENVER, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As revolvers and revolver shooting seem to be claiming quite a little attention in your valuable paper, a few words as to the different ways a revolver can be carried on the person to the best advantage may be of interest. Of course the usual way is to carry one in the right hip pocket. A large heavy gun pulls the pants down on that side, however, and is rather uncomfortable. If one is carrying a Colt's, throw out the lever which is just behind the cylinder, as it is when one puts cartridges into the gun, and then slip the gun down between the pants and waistband, letting the lever catch on the waistband. If one has on a short-tail coat it is better to slip the gun in between the back of the vest and the waistband on the vest. This way the gun does not show so plainly and its weight is not felt so much. By using the same lever for a "catch" one can also carry the gun between the inside of the pants and the drawers, just under the left-hand vest pocket. This way it can be gotten at much more quickly than when carried behind if one is bundled up with a heavy, buttoned-up overcoat, or is driving or sitting down anywhere, such as at a table. The lever catches in this case on the top rim of one's pants and holds the gun from slipping down

The best way to carry a gun that I know of, so as to have it ready for instant use, is to wear an overcoat with a long, full cape and have breast pockets convenient to put the hands into under the cape. The gun can then be carried in the hand, the barrel pointing upward along the shoulder, ready for instant use, but still perfectly concealed beneath the cape. If one wishes to use his hand, the gun is easily slipped into the pocket beneath the cape. This way one can carry a gun in either hand, ready for instant use, but still perfectly concealed.

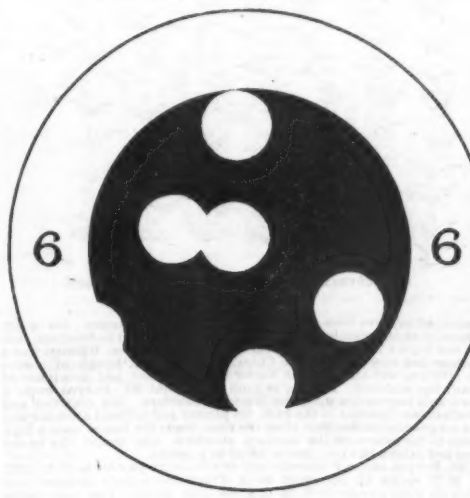
For any one guarding the transportation of money or valuables on a street, or in any case where a gun may be needed at once, but still one wishes to avoid attracting any attention, the above way will be found handy.

Another trick about carrying and using a gun worth knowing is as follows: Buckle on a large .45 six-shooter, two are still better, and wear them out in front in plain sight (for the benefit of our "tenderfoot" friends I will say in open holsters of course) where every one can see them. If you are in a dispute or are waiting a chance to put a man under arrest and have to "get the drop on him" to do it, he will keep his eye on your guns rather than on you, knowing that as long as you keep your hand off of them he is all right. Keep your hands carelessly behind you or in your side coat pockets. At the first bad break he makes you have him "covered" with a little short-barreled, blued .38, or a "sawed-off" .45, which you have had tucked into your waist band out of sight behind or else in your pocket. It is a flank movement that is usually wholly unexpected, and being so is almost always successful in "giving you the drop."

Another way to carry a gun, or a pair of them, so that they can be gotten at at once, and when exposure is preferred to concealment, such as in guarding a mine in dispute, or in the transporting of a large miner's pay roll, or rich "tailings" or "concentrates" to the express office, is to wear each gun on the leg in an open holster just above the knee, so that when standing and the arms are hanging at ease, the hands rest naturally on the butts of the six-shooters. They can be pulled this way much more quickly than from holsters on the hips. A belt of cartridges is of course worn around the waist (loosely), and buckskin strings reach from the belt to the holsters on the legs to hold them up. Another buckskin string around both holster and leg just above the knee holds the gun in place. Guns carried this way are more easily gotten at, both standing, sitting, and on horseback, than any other way I know of. This way, with a little blue .38 concealed somewhere within easy reach, as described above, is a combination hard to beat in the way of carrying six-shooters.

Another excellent way to carry a large six-shooter when one has neither belt nor holster handy is to carry it in one's boot. This no doubt excites a smile among those who have never seen a gun carried this way and who are thinking of certain long-haired gentlemen pictured in *Puck* and *Judge*, but nevertheless it is the best place to slip one out of in a hurry when sitting at a table. Try it and see. It is also easily gotten at on horseback and even when standing, and the weight of it is not noticed after a few days. Of course, one is speaking of boots worn outside of the pants instead of inside It is also an excellent place to carry a skinning knife when hunting, as a belt is sometimes irritating in hot weather. The day of the six-shooter is slowly but surely passing in the West, and no one is more glad of it than the true-born Western man, but nevertheless the above facts may not be without interest to some.

SIX-SHOOTER.



A TARGET BY MR. WALTER WINANS.

Bisley Revolver "Any" Series No. 2, disappearing target, 20yds., intervals of 3 seconds. Score 42, best on record.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 22.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; team race at 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 5.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $600 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Some effort should be made to clear up the muddle that surrounds the title of "Champion of the United States at live birds." The trophy won by B. W. Claridge at the Chicago shoot is the "Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company's handicap championship trophy." C. R. Dickey, of Wellington, Mass., won the Daly cup at this year's Grand American Handicap, defeating 102 competitors, and was hailed as a champion by the daily press, notwithstanding the fact that the Grand American was a handicap event. Again, the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association at its annual tournament this year gave a cup that was to be emblematic of the championship of the United States at live birds. This was a 25-bird event, and the cup was won by J. Riley after a tie with H. J. Whittier. But after all, what has become of the "Cast Iron Badge" won by George Kleinman at Watson's Park on Oct. 16, 1894? This badge was shot for by eight of the best live-bird shots in the United States, the conditions being truly championship ones: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, all at 30yds. rise. Kleinman's score was 91. The names of his opponents and their scores were: J. L. Brewer 89, Dr. Carver 86, Charlie Grimm 85, J. A. R. Elliott 87 out of 78, Eddie Bingham 81 out of 64, "Robin" 46 out of 65, Charlie Budd 47 out of 63. Since Kleinman won the badge there has been only one challenge for it so far as the records show. That challenge was issued by Dr. Carver, and all details were completed for the match, the date being set. When the day for the match came round Kleinman was unable, through sickness, to defend his title and the badge, and, as we understand it, both badge and title were forfeited to Dr. Carver. Any way, either Dr. Carver or George Kleinman is at present holder of that badge and whatever title went with it; and it should be borne in mind that at the time the badge was first shot for the statement was made that the contest was promoted for the purpose of settling the vexed question as to who was champion of the United States, and the quality of the entry for that event certainly seemed to warrant the assertion. Who then is champion of the United States at live birds if it is not the holder of the cast iron badge?

On Saturday last, Aug. 15, while attending the Endeavor-Dunellen team race at Marion, N. J., we had the pleasure of hearing the opinions of Noel E. Money and L. H. Sebortemeier as to the merits of the Rose system. Both the above shooters took part in the recent Interstate shoot at Portland, Me., and both of them would probably have reaped more benefit had the purses been divided under the old system. Notwithstanding that fact, Noel Money says that he is satisfied that "*it is the only system for dividing purses.*" Seborty has been a strong advocate of the system ever since FOREST AND STREAM first noticed the system under the head of the "Straight Out" system; as secretary-treasurer of the New York County Gun Club, and as captain of the Rockaway Point Gun Club, he introduced and secured the adoption of the system at all the shoots of the above clubs since the winter of 1894-5. It is only due to the above clubs to state that they were the first in the East, so far as we are aware, to adopt the Rose system.

When L. T. Duryea and Jack Winston were first matched to shoot a 100-bird race, at John Watson's park, Burnside, Ill., on Aug. 10, the general impression in this city was that Winston would win, but that Duryea would make him work hard to do so. In and around New York Louis Duryea has hundreds of admirers, owing to his consistently good shooting form. He is without doubt one of the very best live-bird shots in this vicinity. Jack Winston, however, is a rattling good shot also, and is generally supposed to have no nerves, while he apparently delights to play upon the nerves of those with whom he is shooting. He goes through more motions when preparing to shoot at either a live bird or a target than any other shooter whom we can name. The result of the above match, therefore, came in somewhat of the nature of a pleasant surprise to those who rooted for Duryea. The scores were: Duryea 94, Winston 89. The stakes were $100 a side.

A canvass was made of the shooters at the Du Pont tournament prior to the trophy event; 146 shooters in all were spoken to with the following result: L. C. Smith 48, Greener 26, Parker 24, Lefever 11, Scott 7, Winchester 7, Francotte 4, Cashmore 4, Baker 3, Colt 3, and 1 each of the following makes: Daly, Purdey, Riley, Wesley Richards, Manhattan and Barclay. Of the above 146 shooters, 141 gave their powders as below: Du Pont Smokeless 103, E. C. 18, Schultze 13, King's Smokeless 3, Hazard 2, and one each of the following brands: W-A, Gold Dust, Robinhood. The shells used were largely U. M. C. goods, as the following figures will show: U. M. C. Co. 106, Winchester 33, U. S. C. Co. 1, U. M. C. and Winchester shells being used by the other six shooters.

The programme for the third annual tournament of the J. M. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo., has been issued. There will be three consecutive days of target shooting at this tournament, the dates being Sept. 16-18. The main feature will be the Schmelzer trophy, won last year by Jack Parker, who is at present holder of the cup. The conditions are 100 targets, reversed order. Besides a good programme of merchandise events there will be several open events each day, $150 being added to the purses in these events.

At the date of writing, Tom Morfey has two matches on hand. The first takes place on Wednesday, Aug. 19, his opponent being Phil. Daly, Jr. The conditions are 50 live birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The second is with Edgar G. Murphy; the conditions of this race are 200 birds per man, $250 a side, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The date set for this match is Wednesday, Aug. 26. Both matches will be shot on the Hollywood, N. J., grounds, near Long Branch.

The first tournament in aid of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass., on Monday, Sept. 7. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. President Wadsworth and Secretary O. R. Dickey have arranged a popular programme of nineteen 10 target events and three 20-target events.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, held under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will be managed entirely by Elmer E. Shaner, the manager of the Association. The tents, traps, etc, of the Association will be shipped direct from Burlington, Vt., at the conclusion of the tournament in that city, Aug. 26-27.

Judging from the results in the 5 and 7-bird races at the Du Pont shoot in Chicago, the most popular way of dividing purses in such events would be high guns. In another column we give the financial results of the 5, 7, 10 and 15-bird races so far as the shooters were concerned.

FOREST AND STREAM stated over a year ago that it would not open its columns to any challenge unaccompanied by a forfeit, and it has firmly adhered to that principle. Others have said the same thing; quite recently, too. Yet forfeitless challenges are quite numerous in their columns just NOW.

Fred Hoey conceded Phil Daly, Jr., a yard on Aug. 11 and beat him by 1 bird in a 50-bird race. The match was shot on the Hollywood grounds, with the usual Hollywood boundary of 21yds. On the first 25 birds Hoey led by 2—22 to 20; in the second half Daly gained a bird, scoring 21 to 20. Total scores for the 50 birds were: Hoey 42, Daly 41.

Mr. Briere, secretary of the West Lebanon, N. H., Gun Club, writes us that the date of the shoot to be held by that club in September is changed to Sept. 11 instead of Sept. 10. The change was made to avoid a conflict of dates with the State fair.

Jack Parker's sixth annual tournament might be termed "Jack Parker's sixth annual success." Like all its predecessors, Jack's shoot was a rattling good one, notwithstanding the depressing effects of the extremely hot weather.

Of the five men who went straight in the Du Pont trophy shoot, Claridge, the winner, shot a Daly gun; Kirkover, a Parker; G. Roll and Gottlieb, an L. C. Smith, and Wallace Miller, a Winchester repeater.

The third contest of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club, Saturday, Aug. 22. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10 A. M.

Heikes and McMurchy did some great work on the last day of the Detroit shoot. Heikes broke 199 out of 205; McMurchy was close after him with 198 breaks.

B. F. Smith did a great deal of work in the way of booming the Buffalo shoot, Sept. 1-5, both at the Du Pont tournament and at Detroit last week.

L. H. Schortemeier was in good form at Marion, N. J., on Saturday afternoon last. During the afternoon he broke 131 out of 140 targets.

Aug. 18. EDWARD BANKS.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Aug. 8.—Below are the scores made by members of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, at their Marion grounds this afternoon:

Prize shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Eddie Collins	1111111111111111101101111—23
G Piercy	1111111111111011101111011—22
L Piercy	1110101111101111010011111—19
E Ingram	1101111001111110100111001—17
H P Fessenden	1011100111010001011101111—16
Mulvaney	0111100011011110101011011—16

Other sweeps were shot as follows, all events being at 10 targets, except the last, No. 11, which was at 20 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Fessenden	6	8	7	8	..	..	6	6	6	..	14
Mulvaney	5	5	8	5	6	6	5	7	6	7	13
L Piercy	9	7	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	..	14
G Piercy	10	5	9	9	6	8	7	7	9	7	..
Ingram	6	8	..	..	7	8	7	6	..	6	..
R Strader	8	10	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Sealey	..	..	5	7	9	8	..	..	6	7	..
Collins	..	..	9	9	10	7	..	..	8	10	..

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Aug. 8.—The Forester Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon. Despite the extremely hot weather there was a fair attendance and some fairly good scores made. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were shot under expert rules; No. 2 at reversed order, and No. 4 at known traps and angles. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*	*10*
J Fleming	6	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	Sinnock	9	8	8	9	3	6	6	..
Jewel	8	7	8	8	4	6	9	8	D Fleming	7	6	6	7	4	9	7	8
Hayes	10	6	7	7	5	9	5	7	F Hall	7	6	6	2	3	..	..	..
Wambold	9	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5
Winans	7	8	7	4	..	..	..	..									

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

ENDEAVOR VS. DUNELLEN.

Aug. 15.—The third and final match of the series arranged between the Dunellen Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, was decided to-day on the grounds of the latter club at Marion. The result was an easy win for the home club by 24 breaks. The scores made by both teams were not up to their standard. The percentage of the winning team was only 75, while the losers averaged 67 per cent. These low percentages are rather remarkable from the fact that the targets were thrown from known traps with known angles. There was a deliciously cool breeze blowing that made every one feel good, coming as it did after such a hot spell as we have had in this vicinity; but that same breeze played havoc with the totals, left-quartering targets going down wind at a rate of speed that made it necessary to get well ahead of them. In addition to the trouble caused by the wind, nearly everybody complained of "that tired feeling," due entirely to the sultry nature of the past ten days. They knew they were slow in their swing, but seemed unable to rectify the error.

Among those present were Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company, and his younger brother, H. Money, who has never done anything at targets previous to Saturday, Aug. 8; he is, however, a chip of the old block and a good game shot, and therefore took to targets much as a young duck takes to water. In one or two sweeps he taught his elder brother a thing or two, making 10 straight in one event. Noel retrieved some of his lost laurels by pounding out 25 straight for the Endeavors in the team race. Other visitors were Platt Adams, a member of the Boiling Springs Gun Club and of the New Utrecht Gun Club; there is not a more enthusiastic trap-shooter in the country than Mr. Adams, and when he is shooting in his true form he can make the best of them hustle. Another visitor was Mr. James Blauvelt, also a member of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; it is a matter of record that no one has ever seen Mr. "James" one whit worried over the loss of a target. "Lemuel" was another visitor; were it known who Lemuel was his scores would be scanned with greater interest than ordinary, for Lemuel has been, and is still, a wonderful hand with a gun, particularly on live birds.

The Endeavor Gun Club has done a great deal for trap-shooting in the vicinity of New York by reason of its always being ready to meet any other club in a series of team races. Its activity in this respect has done more to increase its membership, its popularity, and better marksmanship among its members than even its most sanguine admirers had hoped for. The Dunellen club, though only a very recent organization, has made rapid strides in trap-shooting; less than six months ago it would have been nearly impossible for it to have gotten together a team of six men to tackle any club with hopes of victory; it has, however, recently defeated the Endeavor Gun Club in one out of the three matches of this series, and that with 12-men teams. That its team to-day was composed of sportsmen who knew how to take a defeat was evidenced by the rousing cheers they gave for the victors when the result of the race was announced; the volume of sound that came from their throats put to shame the previous puny efforts of the Endeavors when cheering for the losers.

The Endeavor Gun Club is busily preparing for the Interstate shoot, scheduled for Sept. 8-9; its annual shoot, held the day previous, Sept. 7, is also not being neglected. There should be three good days' shooting at Marion on the above dates.

An optional sweep was shot in connection with the team race, the purse in this event, as in all the sweepstakes, being divided under the Rose system. Scores in the team race were as follows:

Endeavor Gun Club.

N E Money	1111111111111111111111111—25
L H Schortemeier	1111111111111100111011111—22
L Piercy	0101111111111011111011111—21
Eddie Collins	1100111111111111100110111—20
F S Edwards	1101110111101111101110111—20
E Ingram	1010101101111111011111111—20
C von Lengerke	0110101011011101101111111—18
H S Welles	1010101111111110101001111—18
Dr Fletcher	1111100000010111111111101—17
H P Fessenden	1111101111101100100100100—15
G H Piercy	0100111011110101100111010—15
A R Strader	0110111111011010001001101—15—226

Dunellen Gun Club.

Neaf Apgar	1111111110011111001111111—21
T Baron	1011110111111101111011111—21
G Lindsey	1010101111111101101111111—20
T W Sisty	1111110111111011110101110—20
W Fletcher	11000101110111111111101011—18
D Runyon	1011101111011111011111010—18
G E Smith	1111101100111101010101111—18
P Osborne	1000110110011001111111111—17
H K Zust	1101111011001111111100010—17
G H Cramer	1111110001110001011010010—14
C Giles	1000011010110101101101010—13
H Giles	1010010000000010000001000— 5—202

Claridge Accepts Malone's Challenge.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I accept the challenge of Mr. John R. Malone, of this city, for the Du Pont trophy, and name Tuesday, Oct. 6, as the date; the match to be shot on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Conditions: 50 birds.

BERT W. CLARIDGE.

The Duryea-Winston Match.

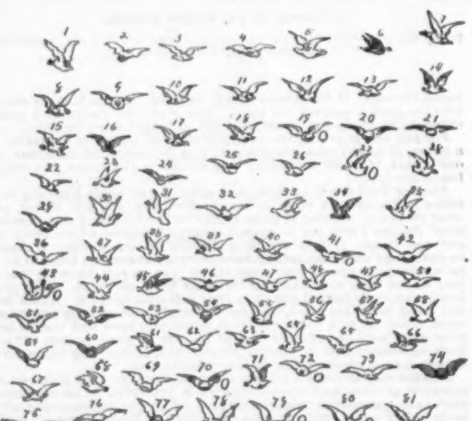
CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—The art of picture-writing is an older one and in some ways a better one than that of writing with letters, because all men can read pictures. I don't know whether Mr. Duryea or Mr. Winston can read print or not, but it is quite sure that either they or anybody else could read the story of the Duryea-Winston race, which was shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Monday, Aug. 10, by simply looking at the pictures of the birds they shot at, and without reading a word of descriptive matter about the race. It is the prettiest, most complete and most concise report of a pigeon shoot ever published.

This race was a very interesting one, barring the fact that the birds were about the poorest lot ever trapped at Watson's Park. There was little air moving and the heated term was still on, so that birds as well as men were fairly exhausted. Many birds were flagged and many flew very dull, though a few birds were sharp and hard enough for any season. Winston was the favorite in the odds among the Chicago shooters, many of whom, remembering the past, believed that he could not be defeated in a match made to his own liking. Winston is always a puzzle. At targets he is a bad man to beat at his own sort of game, and he is a known pigeon shot, although he admitted that he had not shot 6 birds in two years previous to this match. He does no practicing, never experiments with guns or loads, never speaks of being in or out of form. He is apparently sincere in his belief that he can always shoot a race and win over anybody. He is a good banterer in making a match, but granted all his peculiarities, no one who knows him doubts that if he had $100,000 he would double it or lose it in a year shooting pigeon races. He has lately won a few target races, defeating among others the Eastern crack Sim Glover, who is not so slow himself. Winston's

MR. DURYEA'S BIRDS AS THEY APPEARED IN FLIGHT.

peculiarities have been earlier described in these columns. He is apparently as superstitious as a gambler, and a believer in fetichism, but no one knows whether this is real or feigned. Against Winston was a shooter not so well known in Chicago personally, though of course Mr. Duryea was known as an Eastern club shooter and a winner of many hot matches. It is not enough to say that Mr. Duryea made a favorable impression upon the Western shooters. His dignified and gentlemanly conduct in the race, his plucky and brilliant shooting and his magnanimous conduct after the race, made for him at once a high place in the esteem of the Western shooters, who would like to see him and others like him just as often as possible.

Mr. Duryea shot a Francotte gun and Schultze powder in V. L. & D. U. M. C. shells, his opponent using Frank Parmelee's Greener gun with Du Pont powder in U. M. C green trap shells. The race began



MR. WINSTON'S BIRDS AS THEY APPEARED IN FLIGHT.

at 2 P. M., with Winston up, who killed his first bird. Duryea lost his first bird. Winston ran 18 straight, and at the 25 turn was 2 birds in the lead. It was considered Winston's race, for although he shot slow and in the raggedest sort of time, he was centering his birds with shot and cutting them to pieces with what was evidently a killing gun and load. He dropped several at unconscionable distances, and lost his first bird by a wait which seemed intentionally long.

Before going to the score Winston began in a mild way his usual hypnotic experiments. He tacked a piece of box lid up on the rail in front of the shooters' chairs, and just back of the firing stand placed an empty shell, with the top end pointing back. At the score he was very slow, wiping his hands regularly on his handkerchief, waiting, sighting his gun, "keying up" his nerves (apparently, for really he wasn't), and at length calling "Pull!" loudly and with a sharp jerk of the gun to the face. This may have been part of his tactics or part of his system, or part of his religion. Nobody knows Jack Winston or pretends to, so no one can tell. But it is certain that if any of this was intended to disconcert his opponent it failed of its purpose. Mr. Duryea did not look at the hypnotic data, but sat and pleasantly talked with Mr. Parmelee or with his brother, Mr. Frank Duryea, who handled his gun for him. He always stepped quickly and firmly to the score, and lost no time, shooting with the speed and system of the practiced pigeon shot, and never betraying concern by word or gesture. He shot a model race. He did not even smile when Winston called out to Chan. Powers from the score, "Powers, bring me ten shells, five in each hand."

The race was shot Hurlingham rules, Winston's invariable conditions, and under these rules a singular instance arose on Duryea's 28th bird. He got a red incomer which fell close to his feet, apparently about to get over the dead line. "Catch him, Louis!" cried out some one, and in the excitement Mr. Duryea stepped from the score and stopped the bird. "Dead bird," decided John Watson, referee. "I challenge the bird," cried Winston. "Dead bird," repeated the referee. "Then I protest the bird, under Rule 14," said Winston (he always has all the rules in his head, but this time it was Rule 15 he should have named). "The shooter can't gather his own birds under Hurlingham rules." The referee then ordered Mr. Duryea to shoot another bird, which he killed. Winston was right in the protest, but it is hard to tell where the protest could have been carried, especially since the rules say the referee's decision must be final.

Duryea's 40th bird came from No. 4 trap, and he dropped it dead on top of No. 3 trap, where it hung. This was apparently a hoodoo for Winston. He began to go out of all form and was very slow. Winston was very slow with his first on his 41st bird, and let it twist out and over. His 43d was an incomer, and he waited till he got the sun in his eyes and could not see to shoot his second except by guess, close at the dead line. Meantime Duryea was steadily getting them down, and at the 50 hole had tied the score, each man standing 46 out of 50. At this stage of the race Winston laboriously pounded down 25 straight, and Duryea easily cut down 30 straight. They drew into the three quarters stretch, but just before the 75 hole Winston lost 3 out of 6. Duryea was thus 2 in the lead at 75, and was never headed. He made a second run of 26, and gained in speed and brilliance. He lost his 87th and then ran out straight, shooting in a form which would have puzzled any man to beat, and winning his race with the best score (I am advised) that he ever made in his life. After turning into the home stretch past 75 Winston became duller and slower, losing his 79th, 80th and 83d birds. Then, singularly enough, he pulled together, quickened his time and shot like a fiend on out, slap-bang, making a lot of brilliant kills, and losing only his 93d bird, which was hit hard, but too far back.

Winston's 51st was a hard cinnamon, scored far out in the deep field. His 53d, a big white, was also stopped, but made observers doubtful, as he was slow in getting on. His 69th twisted out of the first, but the second was used with care and stopped it. His 70th was a twisting driver that was not hurt; his 72d fell dead just over, and he lost his 75th, a bob-tailed white, not getting on full with either barrel. His 80th was hit full, but was too far and got over. His 83d was a big blue slate, dead out of bounds, hit too far back. His 90th bird was a screamer, and killed handsomely to applause. His 93d was well centered, but wobbled over. His 94th was dropped on a long kill. There was merit also in the killing of Winston's 45th, 47th and 59th birds.

Mr. Duryea shot better and better all through the race, and killed his birds so cleanly and quickly that he did not leave much room to kill them over again for him. His 44th was a lightning kill on a fast bird, and was applauded. His 50th was only feathered with the first, and he was not quick enough with his second to stop it. His 64th was a long, hot, hard bird ahead of No. 4 trap, and was scored amid applause. His 79th was a hard driver, but was killed in fine fashion. His 81st was hard and fast. His 82d sprang high and was only feathered. His 92d was the star bird of the day, and rarely does one see a harder at any season, or on any grounds. A small blue, it tailed away like lightning, offering the hardest sort of target. He cut it down with lightning rapidity. "No one can beat him if he can kill that sort," said the bystanders. And no one did that day.

Winston's poor form was matter of surprise to his backers, and he himself was a bit cast down over losing the race. As he walked along the platform going home some one asked him how it happened he lost the race. Winston thought for a moment and then replied suddenly, "Blame me if I don't believe the other man is a better pigeon shooter than I am."

This was an unusual admission for Jack Winston to make, but it forms a not ungraceful finish to one of the most interesting little matches the shooters of Chicago have recently had opportunity of witnessing. They would like to see some more as good and as pleasant. Score, 100 live birds, $100, Hurlingham rules:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Jack Winston.. 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 2—24
1 • 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 22
2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2 0—22
2 2 2 0 • 2 2 • 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21—89

Louis Duryea.. 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1—22
2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—24
2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—24
1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—94

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Purses at the Du Pont Tournament.

THE amount of money handled in the cashier's office at the Du Pont shoot during the first week of August was extremely large. The winners in the team race and in the trophy shoot received good returns for their investments. Outside of those two races, however, the purses were so cut up that the amounts paid out to individual shooters were only small.

In event No. 1, 122 out of 133 entries drew out money. In No. 2 a still larger proportion—115 out of 120—were interested in the division of the purse. In event No. 3, the 10-bird race, 160 out of 175 drew money, and in the 15-bird race 115 out of 122 took out something. (Our figures are, of course, based on the scores which appeared last week.)

Below is a brief statement of the division of the purses:

No. 1: 5 birds, $5, birds included at 25 cents each, $75 added, three moneys, 133 entries. Gross purse $740, less $166.25 for birds; net purse $573.75:

49 men with 5 kills each received $5.85.
51 men with 4 kills each received $3.37.
22 men with 3 kills each received $5.21.

No 2: 7 birds, $7, birds included at 25 cents each, $100 added, four moneys, 120 entries. Gross purse $940, less $210 for birds; net purse $730:

34 men with 7 kills, each received $8 58.
37 men with 6 kills, each received $5 91.
31 men with 5 kills, each received $4 70.
13 men with 4 kills, each received $5.61.

No. 3: 10 birds, $10, birds included at 25 cents each, $150 added, four moneys, 175 entries. Gross purse $1,900, less $437.50 for birds; net purse $1,462.50:

37 men with 10 kills, each received $15.81.
61 men with 9 kills, each received $7.19.
35 men with 8 kills, each received $8 35.
22 men with 7 kills, each received $6.66.

No. 4: 15 birds, $15, birds included at 25 cents each, $200 added, five moneys, 122 entries (G. Jack's entry fee being returned to him). Gross purse $2,030, less $457 50 for birds; net purse $1,572.50:

28 men with 15 kills, each received $16.84.
37 men with 14 kills, each received $10 62.
28 men with 13 kills, each received $11.23.
16 men with 12 kills, each received $14.74.
6 men with 11 kills, each received $26.20.

The above figures are decidedly interesting. They show plainly that the old system of dividing purses, in live-bird races as in target events, is worse than faulty. There is no equity in the division of a purse where a man who kills 11 out of 15 birds receives $26 20 for $15, when a man who kills all his birds only receives $16.84 and a man who scores 14 out of 15 takes down $10 62! Is it any wonder that dropping for place still exists? The system itself is to blame.

Chicago Trap-Shooters and Sparrows.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—I herewith hand you score of Winnetka Gun Club, made at English sparrows to-day. On account of the small size and rapid flight, the sparrow is a favorite bird at the trap for all the clubs that have used them so far, and especially for those shooters who do not care so much for big scores as for something that takes quick and accurate shooting. The scores in the two 10-bird sweeps were as follows:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Richardson	7	9	Hester	7	..
Madsen	9	..	Royce	8	5
McConnell	5	6	Maynard	8	8
P Hoyt	9	9	Albright	4	2
L Hoyt	9	9	Buckbee	9	9
R Daggett	5	10	J Daggett	..	7

BERT HAMPTON.

Conny Furgueson Challenged.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to match Master Charles Skinner, of Rochester, N.Y., against Master Clarence Ferguson, of New York city, to shoot a race at 50 live birds under American Association rules, $100 a side. The shoot to take place at the Rochester Driving Park on or about Sept. 9, 1896. I inclose check for $25 as forfeit. The balance of $75 to be posted day of match.

DR. J. L. WELLER.

[Check for $25 received. We presume Dr. Weller refers to Master Cornelius Furgueson, a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club.]

Jack Parker's Sixth Annual.

ONE OF THE STANDBYS.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 14.—The annual tournament given by Jack Parker at Detroit is one of the regular standbys of the year, and is always looked forward to with interest by the shooting fraternity. Jack has the reputation of originality in management, and each year thinks out some new scheme whose object is to draw a crowd of expert and amateur shooters. He always has a project which looks weird to the expert—at a distance. His famous shoot when the boys "didn't do a thing to him" still rankles in the minds of some of the shooters who packed their guns and went home on that occasion.

This year Jack Parker came out with another programme showing the close note he keeps on developments in trap-shooting. He announced a good programme, with some added money for the cracker-jacks, and some for that vast class of patient humanity who may for want of a better name be called the sucker-jacks, they being the producers, much beloved, but perhaps a trifle misunderstood. He announced also that the Rose system of dividing purses would be used, to insure fairness in the shooting, and that there would be five moneys. More than this, to further protect the low shooter, all men below 85 per cent. class were to be allowed 1 bird in 20, 2 in 25-bird events, to shoot at beside the regular number. The programme further showed such notable events as the three-men State team championship of the United States; the two-men team championship of United States and Canada; the expert championship of United States and Canada, each of these large events signalized by appropriate and valuable emblems and trophies and by added moneys.

The cracker-jack class looked at the glittering bait thrown out by Jack this year, eyed it over, edged up to it, sniffed at it, then most of them backed away and went back to their holes. Some thought they would go to Duluth, or some place where it "was a leetle easier." A few went to Jack's place, and shortly sorrowfully packed their guns and went home again. Once more Jack had got up too much of a combination for them. Then, at the end of the first day, there arose a prolonged and mournful wail by the banks of the River Rouge, and the Rose system was suspended. Jack smiled and agreed to this, as he always does, after taking his annual fall out of the "perfesh" of the trap. But the handicaps continued their deadly work, even after the "double-header" was taken off. Heikes won $1.35 the first day, $6 the second day, and 85 cents the last day, shooting on the last day a gait of 96.5 per cent. Trimble shot 93 per cent. the first day and lost $4 50; 90 per cent. the second day and won $3; 93 per cent. the third day and lost $4. Winston, who led in average up to the third day, thought he had won about 50 cents. Heikes on the third day broke 48 in the E. C. cup race and 48 in the tie, 96 out of 100, and the handicap shut him out of place! Verily, there is frost in the air by the banks of the River Rouge. Occasionally Jack Parker unbuttons his shirt sleeve and laughs into it, and the local amateurs go home to their wives and families and push out their chests and remark casually that they are something of a fellow their own self. The handicap committee who aided in these nefarious designs were Messrs. H. McMurchy, R. O. Heikes, Ed. Bingham, Ralph Trimble and Jack Parker. All these men took their own medicine, smiled and said they liked it. (Nit.)

The weather was for the most part favorable for the shoot, and the arrangements of the grounds, with tents, club house, covered scores, etc., were highly conducive to the comfort of the shooters. The background of the grounds is exceedingly good, being sky or water. The grounds lie on the banks of the Detroit River, along which the endless line of shipping passed in full view. The office of the shoot was presided over by Mr. W. W. Bock, cashier, and Mr. E. C. Hanson, who took care of the scores and averages. Both these young men were courteous and obliging to a degree. Everything was well conducted, and the shoot was good-humored and smooth, with no kicker in sight.

Another new feature in trap shown at Jack Parker's shoot was the use of the magautrap of the Cleveland Target Co. There were two of these magazine, always-ready traps in use. Each took the place of a set of traps, and the shooting was thus simple, rapid and inexpensive. The shooters went to the score in squads of five, each man shooting 5 birds at each firing station instead of 1 in the walk-around. The two magautraps were kept busy, the continuous ringing of the little bells having some of the whistling notes of a bunch of plover flying over. Of course bluerocks were used in the magautraps.

FEATURES OF INTEREST.

The main interest of the first day's shooting centered about the two-men team championship of the United States and Canada, which called out fifteen strong teams. Heikes and Graham, of Rosedale, Mich., won first with 92, each getting a handsome gold watch thereby. Five teams tied on 91, and the tie was shot out and won by McMurchy and Fanning. Jack Winston was high average for the day, 177 out of 185.

On the second day the 50-bird event was for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal and the individual expert championship of the United States and Canada, an event possessing a much greater sporting interest than the monotonous 20-bird sweeps common at tournaments. This medal was won last year by J. H. Bortle, of Detroit. The conditions being 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, one man up, 5 traps, the game was exactly to the liking of Jack Winston. The latter bet with several shooters that 45 would be beaten. The race took all the afternoon to shoot. Winston went in to win his wagers, and broke 23 out of his first 25, using only his first barrel. Then his gun went wrong, the right barrel lock refusing to stand cocked. Endless balks and waits and arguing over rules followed, enough to rattle almost any shooter. Much of the time Winston was firing a powder charge with his right barrel, or trying to, and breaking his birds with the left. At the 49 hole Winston had missed 10, and was one ahead of McMurchy and Parker. He broke his last bird away out in the field, and went out high gun with 40. It had been forgotten, however, that Tom Latham, of the Norwalk (O.) Gun Club, was yet to shoot his last 25 birds. Mr. Latham was a bit of a dark horse, for he finished his 50 with a run of 23 out of 25, going out with 43, thus winning the handsome medal, and incidentally inflicting on Winston the double penalty of beating him and yet losing him his wagers on high gun! At this Winston, who had been shooting under the name of "Mead," changed his name to the mystic number of "147." Heikes and Latham tied on average for the day, with 168 out of 185; Winston second average, 166 out of 185.

On the third day of the shoot the dark horses had another surprise for the experts, this as usual in the 50-bird event. In the E. C. cup contest for the handicap championship, U. S. and Canada, Mr. R. H. Hall, of Detroit, another member of the hard-shooting River Rouge Gun Club, was allowed 3 extra birds to shoot at. To the surprise of all, he ran up to 47 straight and made 49 out of 50, with 3 allowance birds to shoot. Of these he broke 1, putting him out with 50 all alone. There was no 49, and Burrill, who had still to shoot, with much *insouciance* openly announced that he would try to so use his big allowance of birds as to drop into the 49 hole. His friend back of the score, however, unfortunately coached him wrong in his little attempt at dropping for place, and when he came to figure out his total he discovered that he was 46 instead of 49, and missed his last 3 birds to very bad purpose. The 48 hole had several hot ones in it. Winston insisted on shooting the tie, declaring that he would of course win the prize, a Mullins manganese bronze ducking boat, and that he had already given it to a friend! It was here that Heikes ran 96 out of his 100, losing nevertheless to H. E Norton, of Ironton, O., who scored 46 and broke also his 3 allowance birds, netting 49. Winston lost 2 birds out of his first 6, to his disgust. High gun for third day was Heikes, 183 out of 190; McMurchy second, 181; Winston third, 180.

TWO PHENOMENAL SCORES.

The most interesting event of the entire tournament was the three-men State team championship of the U. S., the conditions of which asked for 100 bluerocks. Interested groups stood along the rails as some of the finest and best known trap shots of the country stepped to the score, under conditions promising something like a bit of sport. The air was cool and clear with no wind, and the birds were not especially difficult, so it was expected that there would be good scores. But no one was looking for what actually happened. It was soon reported about that McMurchy had gone out with 97 out of his 100. It was not dreamed that this would be surpassed, though Heikes was still to shoot. The latter went placidly to sawing wood in his usual steady manner, and at 50 remained straight. He lost 1 bird at No. 1 score after running 71 straight, and dropped another at No. 2; but scored 96 out of 100, with 97 to beat! It is not often that one sees two such scores on the same blackboard. Mr. McMurchy said that he had never personally seen so high a score in a 100-bird match or sweep. Winston once beat Frank Parmelee with 100 straight (one man up, 5 traps). Heikes once ran 100 straight in the Western team at Corry, Pa., but to get within 2 and 3 birds of these records is something rare enough to be held phenomenal even in these days of high scores. Heikes shot his historic Winchester pump, with 42grs. of E. C. powder in Leader shells. McMurchy used his L. C. Smith ejector, but shot a job lot of shells to clean out his box, some of E. C., some W. A. and some Schultze. It was a singular fact that these two great scores in each case failed to land a team in first place, the New York team (McMurchy, Smith and Fanning) taking second place, the Ohio team (Heikes, Norton and Weaver), third. Michigan team (Parker, Woods and Graham) won first, as see scores for Friday. The fourth day's high average, $10, was won by Heikes, 199 out of 205; McMurchy second, 198. The consolation race had only one entry. Mr. Scotten, the only programme shooter with average below 80 per cent.

The tournament closed early Friday afternoon. It was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, and one which was full of surprises and abounding in sporting interest. It was unanimously agreed that it takes Jack Parker to get up a shooters' shoot which is too swift for the shooters.

TUESDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Burton	14	20	24	14	47	19	23	15
*Latham	11	17	22	13	43	18	23	13
*McMurchy	14	18	23	15	49	18	23	14
*Graham	15	20	25	14	44	18	23	13
Weaver	13	20	25	13	48	16	25	12
Woods	11	20	25	13	45	19	25	13
*Parker	9	20	22	15	38	17	21	10
Vail	14	20	22	15	44	18	18	13
Herrington	14	16	19	15	43	20	25	10
Osman	11	17	21	14	41	16	20	10
*Fanning	14	19	21	14	42	12	23	14
Smith	10	17	19	13	43	16	24	11
Pendergast	7	18	..	15	..	9	..	12
Taylor	11	19	24	13	..	19	..	19
Head	9	17	..	15	..	..	..	..
Sherman	15	20	23	14	..	..	..	..
Cicotte	11	19	18	..	39	14	17	..
Bortle	18	17	23	10	38	17	24	11
Esper	10	..	..	13	..	10	..	..
Herbert	14	17	..	11	39	22	23	13
*Trimble	15	20	23	13	46	17	23	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Powers	14	19	25	14	45	17	22	13
Norton	11	17	24	12	41	17	24	13
*Mead	14	20	24	15	46	20	23	13
Baum	8	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Avery	11	16	18	14	43	11	24	14
Marks	12	20	25	15	44	18	23	11
Fleisher	13	18	23	13	37	15	20	12
North	14	19	22	14	42	17	..	..
*Heikes	12	20	25	15	48	18	24	12
*Bingham	20	18	12	45	18	22	12	
Corbett	..	..	..	..	43	14	..	12
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	41	19	19	12
Bomga	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	7
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10
Donaldson	..	..	..	..	49	..	..	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	..
Doran	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	..

[The men marked with * shot at scratch. All men below 85 per cent. had 1 bird in 20, 2 in 25, added to the birds they shot at.]

† Event No 5 was the daily 50-bird race, for two-men team championship of United States and Canada; conditions, 50 bluerocks per man, 100 per team, entrance per team $3. First prize, two gold watches; second prize, $90 cash; third prize, 500 loaded shells. In this event the teams and totals were as follows:

Parker	88
Woods	45—87
McMurchy	49
Fanning	42—91
Latham	43
Weaver	48—91
Donaldson	42
T Cicotte	39—81
Lyman	34
Doran	33—67
Heikes	48
Graham	44—92
Powers	45
Mead	46—91
Osmun	41
Fleisher	37—78

Heikes and Graham won first.

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Burton	15	19	25	14	27	17	22	12
*Graham	15	19	23	13	31	18	21	13
Herbst	12	20	25	13	32	18	21	11
*M'Murchy	13	20	23	14	39	20	24	19
*Fanning	13	18	25	14	34	19	23	19
Bortle	18	16	21	11	33	18	21	11
Smith	10	19	24	13	32	17	20	10
*Parker	11	17	21	15	39	20	24	14
Herrington	13	15	24	12	30	17	23	10
Osmun	13	15	21	15	..	17	23	12
Weaver	14	20	24	13	39	18	23	11
*Heikes	13	20	25	15	37	19	25	14
Woods	13	16	24	14	32	17	23	15
*Trimble	15	17	24	15	37	19	23	13
Norton	12	20	25	15	..	18	23	14
Taylor	13	15	23	14	25	..	..	..
Collins	7	16	16	7	16	17	22	..
Scotten	10	8	10	..	..	9	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
Pendergast	13	..	21	12	..	12	..	12
Cicotte	19	17	20	..	..	..	22	11
*Bingham	12	18	18	11	38	17	20	14
Fleisher	14	19	23	13	33	19	24	..
Latham	14	19	23	14	42	20	22	13
North	13	18	22	10	..	..	..	13
Marks	14	18	23	15	37	17	23	13
Avery	12	20	23	14	9	18	19	11
*Mead	13	20	23	14	40	20	25	12
*Powers	13	19	25	11	37	15	15	13
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	21
Vail	..	..	..	..	..	23	16	21
C Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	38	17	..
H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	..	22	13	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	25	19	..
Bomya	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

[Men marked * shot at scratch.]

† Event No. 5, daily 50-bird event, for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal, value $150; for the individual expert championship of United States and Canada; 21yds. rise, use of both barrels; 5 traps, one man up. First prize, medal; second prize, one Winchester repeating shotgun; third prize, $10 cash; fourth prize, $5 cash.

The Gillman & Barnes medal was won by Tom Latham, of Monroeville, O., with 43 out of 50.

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5† Handicap.	5† Total Killed.	6	7	8
*McMurchy	18	19	22	15	47	..	47	19	24
*Graham	18	18	23	14	45	..	45	18	23
*Fanning	13	20	23	13	47	..	47	18	24
Herbst	12	19	23	13	45	3	48	16	19
*Burton	11	19	22	14	37	4	41	16	19
*Woods	15	18	23	13	44	..	44	17	24
*147	14	19	23	15	48	..	48	19	24
Herrington	11	17	15	13	40	5	45	17	23
*Parker	15	19	22	15	45	..	45	18	23
Bortle	13	17	20	12	36	4	40	17	20
Scotten	9	7	11	..	17	10	24	..	..
Wagner	14	20	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
*Trimble	14	18	23	14	45	..	45	17	23
Weaver	14	18	23	15	45	2	47	15	19
Norton	13	18	23	12	46	2	48	18	24
Stein	15	..	..	..	44	2	46	..	..
Miller	13	15	..	13	34	6	39	19	..
Brummitt	11	..	..	14	38	7	39	..	..
Osmun	12	16	..	13	42	4	45	..	..
Fleisher	13	17	24	14	41	3	44	17	23
B F Smith	13	..	23	13	44	1	45	19	23
Taylor	13	..	..	14	44	3	47	..	..
Marks	15	17	22	13	47	1	48	18	22
*Heikes	15	19	24	14	48	..	48	20	24
Lindsley	13	18	23	13	40	4	44	18	24
*Bingham	15	19	24	15	48	..	48	20	21
Corbett	..	17	23	13	40	6	45	18	..
Gay	..	17	..	15	..	..	..	18	21
J Daniels	..	17	15	..	33	5	38	..	..
*T Cicotte	..	7	20	..	24	..	..	16	14
Lekfelt	..	..	21	..	33	8	37	..	..
Horton	..	..	..	14	41	7	45	18	..
W A Cicotte	..	..	..	12	37	5	40	17	17
Matthews	..	..	..	..	40	9	47	..	..
Webb	..	..	..	..	34	7	38	..	..
North	..	..	..	..	39	5	43	..	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	32	7	36	18	..
Collins	..	..	..	..	36	6	41	..	..
C Schmitt	..	..	..	..	32	7	35	..	..
Bomya	..	..	..	..	30	5	34	..	..
Klein	..	..	..	..	40	5	44	..	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	56	9	40	..	..
Gay	..	..	..	..	44	4	48	..	..
Egenolf	..	..	..	..	17	8	20	..	..
Cabanaw	..	..	..	..	41	5	45	17	..
DeWitt	..	..	..	..	41	4	45	17	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	49	7	50	17	..
Pendergast	..	..	..	..	35	4	37	..	..
Brandenburg	..	..	..	..	30	7	36	..	..
Donaldson	..	..	..	..	29	5	33	..	..
Mandt	..	..	..	..	36	8	44	..	..
Wolf	..	..	..	..	45	4	48	..	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	37	7	41	..	..
C Daniels	..	..	..	..	44	4	47	17	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	39	6	43	15	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	39	7	46	..	..
Burrill	..	..	..	..	40	8	48	..	..
H Smith	..	..	..	..	43	6	47	18	..

[Men marked * shot at scratch.]

† Event No. 5 was for the E. C. Powder Co.'s handicap championship cup. Open to United States and Canada. Scratch men, 50 bluerocks, $1.50. First prize: E. C. Cup, donated by E. C. Powder Co., and emblematic of handicap championship of U. S. and Canada; second prize: One of Mullins' safety copper duck boats, value $35; third prize: One Martin safety take-down rifle, any caliber; fourth prize: One of Fred Devine's best rods; fifth prize: One expert bluerock trap.

The scores of this event in the table above show the number of birds actually killed by each man out of 50, also his handicap allowance and his total score of birds shot at.

The E. C. cup was won by R. H. Hall, of Detroit, who ran 47 straight and scored 49 out of his 50. He was allowed 4 birds handicap by the committee, and of these broke 1 out of 3 shot at, placing him with a total of 50.

There was no 49. Ties on 48 shot at 50 birds, Heikes scoring 48, Herbst 43, Bingham 44, Norton 49, Marks 49. "147" (Winston) fell out in his first 6 birds. The same handicap applied in the tie, and Norton's allowance of 3 was added to his actual score of 46 out of 50 in the tie, he killing his 3 allowance birds.

Ties on 47 shot at 50 tie birds. Horton had 6 birds allowance and killed 50 out of 56, or equivalent of 50 straight. C. Daniels, 49 out of 57; H. Smith dropped out at 43d bird; Matthews killed 45 out of 58; Taylor 44 out of 53; Horton won. Other ties shot, split and bought out.

FRIDAY, FOURTH DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	
Targets:	15	20	25	20	100	25	Br.
McMurchy	13	20	25	20	97	23	198
147	12	20	20	16	..	23	91
Fanning	13	20	25	19	91	25	193
Graham	14	19	22	19	96	22	192
Herbst	14	17	23	18	93	22	187
Fleisher	11	17	23	18	90	23	182
Lindsley	11	19	25	18	..	22	95
Bortle	13	15	22	18	75	21	164
Herrington	12	15	19	..	..	20	66
Heikes	15	20	25	18	98	23	199
Woods	11	18	21	20	93	24	187
Trimble	13	19	21	18	..	24	95
Parker	10	17	19	18	91	23	177

† No. 5, the three-men State team championship of the United States for the Hiawatha diamond badges, donated by Oren Scotten; 100 bluerocks per man, 300 per team, entrance $9. First prize, three diamond badges, value $100; second prize, $50 cash; third prize, $40 cash; fourth prize, $10 cash.

Michigan No. 1.					
Woods	24	23	23	23	—93
Parker	23	23	23	22	—91
Graham	24	25	23	24	—96—280
Michigan No. 2.					
Fleischer	21	24	23	22	—90
Marks	23	22	23	17	—85
Herbst	23	25	23	23	—93—268
Michigan No. 3.					
Cabinaw	21	20	23	18	—82
Bortle	19	20	19	17	—75
W A Cicotte	21	17	16	11	—65—222
New York.					
B F Smith	19	23	23	24	—89
Fanning	22	22	25	22	—91

Michigan No. 4.					
Boesser	20	21	18	13	—72
Wolf	17	20	20	21	—78
Zielke	25	23	19	19	—76—226
Michigan No. 5.					
Scotten	15	19	22	20	—76
Burrill	12	14	16	18	—60
Clark	17	15	11	18	—61—197
Ohio.					
Weaver	17	19	24	23	—83
Norton	19	23	25	24	—91
Heikes	25	25	24	24	—98—271
McMurchy	25	24	23	25	—97—277

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Milt F. Lindsley were present, and had in view a handsome case and banners bearing the samples and signs of King's Smokeless powder. Mrs. Lindsley shot in events on Thursday and Friday very nicely, and was watched with interest by a large assemblage.

Matters were enlivened Thursday by the appearance on the grounds of Wm. Genicke's Vaterland orchestra, composed of two eminent composers disguised as fat Dutchmen, and playing respectively a violin and an accordeon. They played almost altogether by ear.

On Friday afternoon, after the big State team race, a sparring match was held before the kinetoscope; Mr. R. O. Heikes, the Dayton diamond, and Mr. Jack Parker, the Detroit strong boy, going four rounds with 4oz gloves until stopped by exhaustion and the police. McMurchy was timekeeper and referee.

Paul North would have been glad to stay longer, but had to leave the second day.

Capt. Du Bray, of the Parker gun, was present only to say good morning and good-bye.

The Old Reliable, Ed. Taylor, of Cincinnati, was out at a shoot for the first time in a long while. He shot like a colt, although much troubled with his gold teeth, which ached badly. He has sixteen gold teeth to one plain tooth and believes in free gold.

Mr. C. D. Hagerman, of Lincoln, Neb., was at the shoot. Detroit was his former home.

Ralph Trimble was taken seriously ill Friday evening, and while on the car on his way home to town suffered such pain that he sprang from the car and ran away, almost out of his head. Friends followed him and took care of him.

Mr. Oren Scotten, the wealthy and liberal Detroit sportsman who gave the three handsome diamond badges for the State team championship contest, was present all through the shoot and shot through. On Saturday Mr. Scotten took a large number of the visiting shooters on a boating party to the St. Clair flats on his handsome yacht Wanda.

Mr. M. Herrington, special agent at New York city of the smokeless powder department of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., shot practically through the programme, and shot very nicely.

Dr. E. M. Waters, of Columbus, O., was on hand for a short time.

Eddie Bingham stayed with them till Friday noon, when he was obliged to return to his home in Chicago.

The muskrats of the River Rouge are very large and fat, and they eat them tails and all.

Mr. R. H. Hall had a great chance to beat McMurchy and Heikes, for he came near getting 51 out of 50. Even the Old Guard can't do that.

It is too bad the Rose system does not cover the case of a man trying to drop into a metal boat.

Handicaps are good—sometimes too good.

A few of the Old Guard stayed through the programme and lost, in the way "producers" do. They made many friends and did their employers good, but it was a poor place to lay up money.

Paul Weise, Jack Parker's right bower, hustled squads four days inimitably, and all for love of Jack.

All the employees on the grounds were well posted, courteous and efficient. It was a very businesslike shoot.

The big Du Pont shoot and the hot weather hurt the attendance considerably, but the shoot was a rattler just the same.

The shooters all thought the grounds very pleasant to shoot on. There is no better background in the country.

There is some speculation as to what sort of game Jack Parker will spring on the boys next year.

They didn't do a thing to Jack this year, either.

A few long races liven up a programme wonderfully.

1908 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Our Du Pont Tournament Sketches.

MR. HOUGH writes in appreciation of the artists whose services were enlisted by FOREST AND STREAM at the Du Pont tournament:

Mr. W. L. Wells, who did most of the sketches for the report, is perhaps the best known artist of Chicago, and has no superior in his profession here. He has always been especially fond of sporting topics, and has done some fine colored work in wildfowl scenes. His "Mallards" and "Teal" have been seen all over the country. Mr. Wells's facile pencil had a great deal asked of it this week, and on the briefest notice he was called on to make two-minute portraits for a reporter always in a hurry to catch a mail East. He was equal to the task. His portraits are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Francis G. Du Pont was pronounced by daily newspaper men who looked at it to be the best pen-and-ink portrait they had ever seen. He caught the shooters as they were, not as they pose to appear.

Mr. W. S. Phillips is a Western artist of wide experience and rapid pencil. If he hadn't been rapid he would not have done. His bits of shooting life show what he can see and do in about seventeen minutes, and on the dead jump. FOREST AND STREAM had to overcome 1,000 miles of geography and a vacant business day in handling this report, so the artists had no time to eat or sleep. While Mr. Wells and Mr. Phillips were tending to their knitting at the grounds, Mr. Louis Braunhold was finishing up a scene or two that had been put in outline. At the close of the shoot, when both Mr. Wells and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Braunhold were away, Mr. Coppernoll and his board had to be pressed into service. Had Mr. Coppernoll failed, it had been discovered that one of the boys who sold ginger pop at the soda water stand could make a stagger at a drawing if held up with a gun. His name was Coffee. Had Mr. Coffee failed, FOREST AND STREAM would have gotten some one else.

Arendtsville Gun Club.

ARENDTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 8.—There were six events at targets and five live-bird events shot to-day on the grounds of the Arendtsville Gun Club. Scores in the target events were as follows, all events being at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
C D Wisler	10	8	8	..	..	..
S M Eaholts	10	10	9	9	10	8
A Kane	..	..	9	9	8	10
E Wisler, Jr.	10	..	..	..	..	..
J C Thomas	8	..	9	..	8	..
A Schlosser	10	6	8	7	7	8
C E Crum	8	6	..	..	..	..
A Lerew	..	..	9	6	7	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
W McCann	..	..	..	..	7	8
Geo McCann	..	..	..	..	5	3
E Carson	..	..	..	..	9	..
J Hoffman	..	..	..	..	8	7
J F Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	7
C P Arendt	..	..	..	..	..	8
W Winans	..	..	..	..	..	5

The five-bird scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	5	5	10	5	5
C D Wisler	4	5	9	5	..
Eaholts	5	5	9	3	..
Thomas	5	5	9	3	..
Kane	..	..	10	5	5
Lerew	..	..	9	5	5
Schlosser	3	5	6	3	..
Beamer	5	3	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Carson	..	..	7	5	..
Taylor	..	..	5	5	..
Arendt	..	..	..	..	4
Livingston	..	..	..	..	4
J C Lower	..	..	..	..	5
Crum	..	..	..	..	5

All the contestants in the five-bird events, except Taylor, used Schultze powder loaded by C. D. Wisler. C.

Programme for the Interstate Shoot at Marion, N. J.

The programme gotten out for the Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, has been received, and deserves special comment. In "Drivers and Twisters" last week we made an error in stating that the Novelty rule would be revived at this shoot. The statement was made on the strength of information which we considered reliable, but the fact remains that it was an error. The Novelty will not be used according to the programme.

There are, however, plenty of interesting features in the programme, the main one being the four extra events shot at expert rule, one man up. These events will be 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, four moneys. The programme events scheduled for each day are precisely similar. They are ten in number and call for 190 targets at an average entry fee of 10 cents per target, or $19 for the whole day. There are four 15-target events, four 20-target events and two 25-target events each day. All events are at unknown angles with the exception of No. 9 each day, 25 targets; this is at known angles, but has no money added to its purse. The club adds $75 a day, as follows: $5 to each purse in the 15-target events; $10 to each of the four 20-target purses, and $15 to the other 25-target event.

Another special feature is the division of the purses. Around New York we have not had much opportunity for testing the practical workings of the Rose system, but the Endeavor Gun Club has requested that that system be adopted at this shoot. Accordingly all purses will be divided under that system, and we do not hesitate to say that all who come to Marion, N. J., on the above dates, and who take part in the sweepstakes shooting, will go away thoroughly satisfied that at last a really equitable system of dividing purses has been devised. Forest and Stream was the first paper to advocate the general adoption of this system, and for many months it fought the fight alone. The good work done in this behalf is now bearing fruit far in excess of what was hoped for. Come to Marion and see how the Rose system works.

"Preparation day" for this shoot is merged into the annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. There will be shooting all day on Monday, Sept. 7, and in order that the Endeavor's club members and their visitors, who generally throng the traps on this occasion, many of whom cannot hope to compete with their more expert brothers, may be able to get a bit of cheap practice, the club announces in the programme that anyone who wishes to do so may "shoot for birds only" on that date.

The grounds at Marion are easily reached from New York city; they are, perhaps, best known to shooters as "Al Heritage's grounds." Many important matches have been shot on these grounds in days gone by, and many thousands of dollars have changed hands on the result of those matches. "Uncle Al" knew good birds, and knew where to get them; hence the popularity of these grounds for match shooting. To reach Marion from this city, take either of the P. R. R. ferries at Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets. Frequent trains run to Marion station, P. R. R., where stages will be in waiting to convey shooters and their shells, etc., to the grounds, which are located about three-quarters of a mile from the depot. The time occupied by the train journey is about five minutes—short enough. The trip can also be made by trolley cars from the Jersey City side of the above ferries. These electric cars can make the run to Marion station in about twenty minutes, and are run on a headway of about ten minutes. Lunch will be provided on the grounds, of course.

All shells and guns shipped in care of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, New York city, will be delivered at the grounds. The same firm will also have plenty of hand-loaded shells for sale on the grounds at $2 50 per 100. Information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

The Rose System.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rose system of dividing purses at tournaments has always seemed to me to be about the only one of the whole lot that really "touches the spot." It was naturally with great pleasure that I noted how Forest and Stream was doing yeoman service to the sport of trap-shooting by publishing a simple example of how the Rose system worked. I am not much of a figurer myself, but even I could go to work now and in our club shoots at home pay out the purses promptly. Your trap editor, Mr. Banks, explained the system very thoroughly to me at the Memphis tournament, but I must say it is far easier to understand when one has a simple case placed in front of one, as you did in Forest and Stream of July 11.

When I first learned of the system, which was through your columns some months ago, I did not take much stock in it; in fact, I did not bother about it at all. Then I went to the Charleston, S. C. tournament, where I met some very pleasant gentlemen, had a good time, thanks to the members of the Palmetto Gun Club, and also made a practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the Rose system. It was tried on the first day of the shoot, and we all liked it very much. Yet I did not quite understand how it worked, and was not able to explain it to my friends at home as I wanted to do. Now that I do understand it, you have made all further explanation unnecessary at least down where I live, because we all take Forest and Stream.

In the last two days I have had quite a talk with many of the shooters who, like myself, are here not for our health, but to shoot live birds at John Watson's, and also to win the Du Pont cup. From what I can learn, there seems to be no opposition to the Rose system from any shooter who has tried it; while those who have not tried it merely express hazy doubts as to whether it is the right thing. Such being the case, I felt like writing to Forest and Stream and letting it know just how I and hundreds of others think on this matter.

Go ahead; the Rose system is all right. Corn Cob.

It is really a shame that Corn Cob does not want his name to appear at the close of such a capital letter as the above. It would be a fitting climax to an honest expression of opinion, while the reputation of the writer as a trap-shot and as a square up-and-up shooter would add considerable weight to the sentiments he has expressed above.

By this time he will have noticed that we gave in our issue of Aug. 8 a reproduction of the example he refers to as appearing in our issue of July 11. Unfortunately, owing to carelessness on the part of somebody connected with the presswork, a portion of the example was left out, causing probably a little confusion in the minds of persons who were studying the workings of the Rose system as therein set forth. To right the error we once more give the explanation of the system to be found in the programmes issued by the Interstate Association, and also an example of an actual sweep worked out on the plan adopted by the cashier of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournaments:

(1) Decide upon the number of moneys into which the purse is to be divided, and then find the ratio into which it will be divided from the following table:

If into
- 2 moneys—at the ratio of 5 to 3.
- 3 moneys—at the ratio of 5 and 3 to 2.
- 4 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
- 5 moneys—at the ratio of 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
- 6 moneys—at the ratio of 13, 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

(2) For the sake of example in working out this system, let us take a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys, 24 entries, $10 added to the purses, targets at 3 cents each. This will give us a net purse of $35.20, targets taking $10.80 out of the total purse. Suppose when the event has been shot there are three straight scores: one 14, four 13s and one 12. Under the old percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, it is manifest that the single 14 would have the best of the four men with straight scores, while the man with 12 would also be better off financially than either of the four men who broke one more target than he did. Under the Rose system this temptation to drop for place is done away with. Proof of this is given below:

The ratio points are 5, 3 and 2 to 1. Therefore,

No. of ties for 1st money 3×5=15
No. of ties for 2d money 1×3= 3
No. of ties for 3d money 4×2= 8
No. of ties for 4th money 1×1= 1

27)$35.20($1.30
27 per ratio point.
82
81
10 cents over

Therefore,
each man with 15 receives $1.30×5=$6.50
each man with 14 receives 1.30×3= 3.90
each man with 13 receives 1.30×2= 2.60
each man with 12 receives 1.30×1= 1.30

Under the system usually adopted at tournaments, the three men in for first money would have received $4.69 each; the man with 14 alone taking second money, $10.56; the four men in for third money would have drawn down $1.76 each, but the shooter who had the luck to drop one more target would have received fourth money, $3.52, or just double their share.

It may seem from the above that the system is a complicated one, and would involve a great deal of work in the cashier's department. To disabuse one of this idea, we give an example of an event, the third event on the second day of the Iowa State tournament, working out the example by a system learned from the cashier at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament. It will be noticed that he rules each page off into five columns; in the first he enters the names of the shooters: in the second he places their respective scores. He then ascertains the place obtained by each man and puts in the third column the number of points due to him. At the bottom of this column he figures up the total number of points, dividing the net purse by that sum. In the fourth column he places the amount due each man, checks it off as soon as the amount is paid, or the cash equivalent placed in the pay envelope. The fifth column is utilised for figuring the net purse and for finding the value of each point.

Event No. 3. 15 targets. Entrance $1.50. Added money ——. No. of entries, 27. Price of targets, 2 cents. No. of moneys, 4.

	Score.	Points.	Amount due.
Grimm	15	5	3.35
Hoffman	11		
Gilbert	12	1	.67
Schricker	15	5	3.35
Raisch	13	2	1.34
Wehrend	14	3	2.01
Minard	12	1	.67
Avery	10		
Webster	12	1	.67
Budd	15	5	3.35
Trotter	13	2	1.34
Miller	10		
Harbaugh	9		
Couger	9		
Tucker	14	3	2.01
VBoltenstern	11		
Jones	11		*
Northrup	11		
Bosworth	10		
MBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Henry	12	1	.67
Cook	15	5	3.35
Agard	13	2	1.34
Foley	15	5	3.35
HBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Lewis	15	5	3.35
Samuelson	10		
		48	
Add amount over			.24
			$32.40

27 entries at $1.50..............=$40.50
Deduct for targets at 2cts. each= 8.10
Net purse.......................=$32.40

48*)32.40(67 cents per point.
288
360
336
24 cents over.

* Divide net purse by sum of the points.

A more striking example of the curse of the old system was never afforded us than that which is mentioned by Mr. Hough in his able report of the Du Pont tournament, which appeared in our last issue. In his account of the team contest Mr. Hough gives us a capital idea of the situation when Powers went to the score for the last few birds. Had Mr. Powers been unfortunate to lose his last bird, and had there been the slightest expression of opinion that the bird had been lost on purpose, it would have been the fault of the system in use. We have heard several people say, when shooting under the Rose system: "I like this way of dividing purses, because if I do miss my last target the boys won't accuse me of 'dropping for place.'"

In his letter to us, which appeared in our issue of Aug. 1, Push It makes a statement which is well worthy of further consideration: "In the many arguments against the dropper and denunciations of him, I never noted any denunciation of a dishonest system; for if it was dishonest for the dropper to shoot for the place which resulted in the most profit and not shoot at his best, it was equally dishonest to force a shooter to compete under a system which beat him out of his just rewards."

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The scores made to-day at the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*
Forrester	..	8	6	13	11	21	13	..
Bennett	20	..	9	13	11	..	..	..
P G Myers	14	7	5	6	7	22	14	..
Bird	17	8	5	9	11	..	..	..
Norris	23	6	8	14	12	..	..	..
WHines, Jr	12	..	..	11	17	17	8	..
J J Reid	13	..	..	7	13	17	8	8
A Coombs	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Tiddler	23	..	..	13	8	18	..	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*
Johnsing	22	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
W A Eaton	18	9	7	8	8	13	..	..
U E Storey	12	..	..	7	..	..	15	6
Middaugh	20	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Brandie	21	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eiss	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..
Dr Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	8
Sandy	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	15
Rossiter	19	..	..	..	..	19	7	10

Norris won A class badge; Brandie and Tiddler tied for B class; Middaugh won in C class badge. No. 1 event was badge shoot; all other events were at unknown angles; No. 7 was gun below elbow.

Aug. 12.—The following scores were made to-day at Audubon Park:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*50*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*
Alexander	45	11	11	10	11	6	12
Charles	44	15	12	10	12	8	14
Sam Jones	40	11	10	10	9	8	7
McArthur	36	10	11	9	13	8	14
Kirkover	48	15	13	..	14	7	15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*50*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*
Warren	44	..	..	10	13	..	..
Norris	47	..	12	8	10	6	14
McCarney	28	..	10	..	10	..	10
Chamberlain	38	..	12	..	11	..	..
Daniels	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

No. 1 event was the second series of championship events; Kirkover won with 48 out of 50. Alexander was handicapped 1 bird by winning first series. No. 3 event was at 15 targets, expert rules; all others were at unknown angles, except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs. B.

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 1.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Omaha Gun Club at the club's regular shoot:

Hughes..........1111111111111111111111111—25
Carmichael..........1111111111111111111111111—25
Whitener..........1111111111011111111111111—24
Parmelee..........1111111111011111110111111—23
Loomis..........1111111110111011111111111—18
Kenyon..........1101111111111011111111111—23
Read..........1011111011111011111111111—22
Brucker..........1101111111100111111111111—22
McFarlane..........0111111101111011011111111—21
Smead..........11111 11111111111100111100—21
Blake..........0110 1101101111011111111111—20
Dickey..........0110011100111111111111011—19
Johannes..........1111111111101111010110010—19
Randlett..........0111101101111101101110110—18
Raymond..........1110101101101101100011111—17
Edwards..........1111101110100101010011011—16
Peters..........1111111100010100101010010—14

Aug. 8.—Below are the scores made to-day at our weekly shoot

Whitener..........1111011111111111111011011—22
Carmichael..........1011111111101110111111111—22
Blake..........1011111101011111011111111—21
Loomis..........1111101111101111011111110—21
Johannes..........1111110011011111111111011—21
Randlett..........0111111010111110111110101—19
McFarlane..........0110111111111100100100001—15

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Team Race at Springfield, Mass.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 15.—Below are the scores made to day in the Springfield-Windsor Locks team race, Springfield winning by 19 breaks:

Springfield.

Merritt, captain..........0111111111101110111111011—21
Bugbee..........0011011101100110001010100—12
Eaton..........1001111101110110101111111—19
Lathrop..........0101111000010110111011011—15
Holcomb..........1111111110111111110011111—22
Jordan..........0101100011011111011111111—18
Folsom..........1111101011110011101001111—18
Hawes..........1111101100101111011000111—17
Gruendler..........1110001011011111111110101—18—160

Windsor Locks.

Sadler..........0000110000100001101011010— 9
Coogan..........0000010001010101101000010— 8
Arnold..........1111100000011001110110101—14
Cutler..........1000101011111111000010111—15
Pitkin..........1111101111111111111111111—23
Vidian..........1011111110111111111110101—21
Douglass..........1111000001111111111111101—19
Harvey..........1001111110100110101111110—17
Griswold, captain..........0101001000101111101110111—15—141

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., Aug. 13.—Below are the scores made in to-day's club shoot. Conditions: 25 targets, unknown angles:

Black..........0111110111111111101110111—21
Mamy..........0000111111011000111110011—15
Hilliard..........1111011011000111101101011—17
Stephens..........0111011001010010101011001—13
Sanders..........1111111000000100010110001—12
Meinert..........1010100011111111111101110—18
Setze..........1111111101111011011011110—20
Austin..........1000110011000111011010111—14
Reynolds..........0001100000101111101100011—12
Mosher..........0111010111100110010010110—14

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

Heikes vs. Budd-Marshall.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 9.—Rolla Heikes shot a race to-day against the Budd-Marshall combination. The conditions were 50 singles, expert rule, and 25 pairs; Budd shooting the singles and Marshall the pairs. In the singles Heikes broke 44 to Budd's 43, and 40 out of the pairs to Marshall's 38, making his total 84 to the combination's 81. Scores:

R O Heikes...11111111111111111111101111111111100111110100111111—44
10 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 10 10 11 11 10
11 11 10 11 01 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 —40—84
C W Budd.....11111101111111111111101110100111111011111111111110—43
T A Marshall..............01 11 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 10
11 10 10 11 10 11 11 01 01 11 11 11 —38—81

Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 5.—The Washington Park Gun Club held its monthly shoot here this afternoon and did some remarkably good work, five of the contestants making straight scores. The birds were a mixed lot, generally poor, but now and then a fast one. The scores were:

B Quick........112111111011001—12
L Scott........111112110111011—13
W Moore........122121110111111—14
Dave Elliott........111111211112111—15
C C Smith........211122112221211—15
W B Cosby........222111202221222—14
T A Fernkas........120000213120221—10
W W Herman........112211202211120—13
A F Rickmers........222122122212212—15
Fred Lamb........222221211121221—15
N Jarrett........112112122212112—15
Jack Doxon........112111202221111—14
Nute Kelley........121201100111122—12
J R Miles........211111111111110—14
J C Higdon........220111211201110—12

Dave Elliott, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

B. W., Des Moines, Ia.—We do not know of any firm supplying designs for tattooing.

New York Squirrel and Rabbit Season.—It was stated in our Answers last week that the "close" season for squirrels, hares and rabbits in New York was from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Of course, for "close" was meant "open."

T. S. B., Elba, O.—In the game laws of Ohio our native ruffed grouse or pheasant is not mentioned. Can we kill them from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 or not? Ans. Reference to the *Game Laws in Brief* shows that the Ohio law has been amended this year so that there is no close time whatever on ruffed grouse as to shooting them; but it is forbidden to have ruffed grouse in possession except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15. We presume that the omission of the ruffed grouse in the section prescribing shooting seasons was unintentional.

J. H. B., Tacoma, Wash.—Are there many reptiles in the United States of similar construction to the glass snake of Texas? I recently found a small lizard whose tail came apart in the same way as that of the glass snake, having similar joints in the flesh. Ans. Many, if not most small lizards, have this protective weakness of the tail, and if seized by this member it breaks off and the animal escapes. About midway between the two extremities of each caudal vertebra there is a point of feeble ossification, and the exertion of any slight force will break the bone off. A lizard that has thus lost its tail usually grows a new one, but usually not so long as the original tail.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Rifles and Riflemen.

"Practical Pointers" for rifle and pistol shooters is an interesting little book of artistic construction which is sent free for the asking by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, P. O. Box 4102, Chicopee Falls, Mass. This book is illustrated with sketches of field incidents and photos showing proper shooting positions, and in addition to the useful hints which are given, rules governing rifle and pistol competitions are included, as well as the measurements of the principal targets.

The Stevens Company has long been known for the excellence of its product, and its list of firearms includes specialties which almost any sportsman will find of service.—*Adv.*

The Savage Rifle.

The catalogue of the Savage Repeating Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., contains much of interest relative to the modern small-bore smokeless powder rifle. It reproduces a number of very creditable targets made with Savage rifles, and prints letters from hunters who have used the .30cal. on game, including the account of Lieut. Von Honel's two rhinoceros at one shot with the full-mantled bullet, as narrated by Wm. Astor Chandler. The Savage ammunition is reloadable, and powder and tools are furnished.—*Adv.*

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership existing between Lawrence & Lichtenstein, 29 Beekman street, New York, has been dissolved, Mr. P. Lichtenstein having purchased the Lawrence interest. Mr. Lichtenstein will continue in the business at 218 Fulton street, and will collect all outstanding accounts and settle all bills against the firm.—*Adv.*

Trout for Stocking.

The Plymouth Rock Trout Co., of Plymouth, Mass., issues an interesting little circular which gives instructions for hatching trout fry cheaply, so that any one may stock streams or lakes without going to the expense of a hatching house or elaborate outfit. It will be sent free for the asking.—*Adv.*

Notice to Gun Clubs.

Shooting matches supplied with live pigeons at shortest notice at reasonable prices. Write to Louis C. Kistner, 213 South Howard street, Baltimore, Md.—*Adv.*

The Acme Shell.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. announce that the "Acme" shell replaces the "Walsrode," not the "Smokeless," as has been stated.—*Adv.*

Books Received.

Reminiscences of Soul Life. By C. W. Larson. Ringos Publishing House, Ringos, N. J. Price $1.50.